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RD2/3: Boss Hog; Cop Shoot Cop; Sebadoh; the ironic Brothers Gibb; Vaginal Creme Davis; Lisa's early sexual experiences; ☆

Key:

☞ Dame Darcy drawings and tales

☒ Cindy Dall photos

☘ Margaritas and conversation with lively Vicky Wheeler

☒ Adventures with my trashy neighbors

☘ My mom's body

☞ My hairdresser

☆ Royal Trux



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SAD BUT TRUE LETTERS

I feel compelled to say something about the Kurt Cobain thing you wrote. I think you were off base on some of the points you made. First, I hate to break it to you, Axl Rose is indeed an asshole. His denunciation of homosexuals while subsequently slobbering over how great Freddie Mercury was is to me one of the most loathsome displays of hypocrisy in this quarter-century.

I'm not a big Kurt Cobain fan, but let me say something in his defense. He was in a local band that made it big, but it got too big and he was made into something I'm sure he never wanted to become. His only crime is that he didn't have the balls to quit before he got in so deep, but that could have been because he didn't want to let the other two guys down. He mentioned Freddie Mercury because Freddie *lived* to be onstage in front of 100,000 people, and it scared Kurt. Lisa, I used to think being famous would be a lot of fun, but I realize now it isn't. Fame is your own team of lawyers and bodyguards and carrying a handgun in your purse and being reduced to a more primitive way of relating to people than the common people you're supposed to be superior to!

-name withheld

Oh, who cares? (L.C.)

Oh my goodness, woman. As a devoted reader, I refuse to believe that you accept the very idea of "Generation X." This is a term invented by some marketing exec in a stiff ol' suit somewhere. It enables him/her and his/her ilk to lump us all into a big, huge CONSUMER group, so as to SELL us things that we don't need, want, and are most likely better off without. "Generation X" is how we LOOK, what we WEAR and how we are PERCEIVED by people who are after our \$. They gobbled up this shallow IMAGE and regurgitated it into the mass media as something we are supposed to IDENTIFY with. Please don't tell me you believe THEM. YOU and I know better than to think that since the guy on TV is buying his FLANNELS at Nordstroms, we should, too. Sadly, there are people who ARE buying this twisted version of reality. Say it isn't so, Ms. Lisa! Tell me you were JOKING, that you know it's just BULLSHIT! Don't let them advertisers know about "Generation L," or a really scary SURFACE of it will pop up in *Details* magazine all twisted and out-of-context.

ROCK ON!

-Bevin Keely

It would not be a bad thing at all for the SURFACE of Generation L to pop up. The surface of Generation L is this: the ladies have hair-do's...above and below, and the men have erections--because the ladies have hair-do's. The ladies have hair-do's to thank the men for

learning how to fix broken things. I would be pleased if Generation L were to also display pride, excitement, punctuality, politeness, generosity, and hard work, and to never use exhaustion, suicidal thoughts, confusion, and the belief that one's family didn't do a good enough job bringing one up as justification for fucking up, but one takes what one can get: Even if Generation L accomplishes nothing more than the spread of hair-do's and erections and fixed broken things, the world will be a sweeter place.

In fact, an ad consultant did call me the other day to ask about Generation L. He, like Bevin, tried to say Generation X does not exist. I told him that the quickest way to spot a member is that she or he is denying the existence of Generation X, as well as racial and gender characteristics--they're all "marketing schemes." (At least they believe businessmen exist!) My ad consultant protested, "How can you lump people together--?" "I can," I interrupted. "There's an immediately recognizable belief system, idiom, habitude and look to Generation X." I gave him one more chance to prove he was not an X: I asked him what his idea of a good date was. He said, "An interesting evening wherein I meet my date on an intellectual and spiritual level." I said, "Huh?" Imagine you're having dinner with this guy and he's trying to meet you on an intellectual and spiritual level? Gross! He went on to say he feels cheated because he was "never allowed to have the sexual freedom the last generation had. I resent being made to feel that sex could kill you." "No one made you feel like that," I told him. "They were kind enough to tell you what behavior is risky, and how you can best protect yourself." I questioned this guy further--turns out he doesn't butt-fuck, doesn't use drugs, does use condoms, and isn't promiscuous. I said, "You're going to win the lottery before you catch AIDS! You are so Generation X--here is this wonderful, thrilling gift (sex), and you're complaining about it!" Sheesh. (L.C.)

(review)

Get it to read the "Manifesto of Generation L(isa?)" and accompanying article. On the first reading, I viewed this attack on Generation X as a serious attempt to reshape the timbre and attitude of those of us in our twenties. Editor Lisa Carver has nominated herself for the position of spokesperson of her generation and requests that the national media give her a bullhorn so she can broadcast the Voice of we who choose to let her speak on our behalf. Her reference point is the death of Kurt Cobain. In the short treatise, she refers to him repeatedly as a "loser", and criticizes him for being a horrible spokes person for "our generation", never once acknowledging that it was the public that chose to use him as a voice - from what I understand about Kurt, he saw the attention his personality was given as an annoyance. To speak so scathingly about a dead man who cannot defend himself is rather...rude? I used this as my starting point for discovering subtle and blatant contradictions within the piece, and was hoping that all this irrational banter was due to the hormonal changes every pregnant woman experiences, or that she had

Roller derby subscriptions are \$12 from Lisa Carver,
PO Box 18054, Denver CO 80218.
Distribution: Revolver, 290-C Napoleon, San Francisco CA 94124. Tel. (415) 647-5667.

something up her sleeve, like an infanticide on live national television. Most of my objections to the Manifesto were not aimed at clearly stated assertions - there are few that can be taken seriously ("All blacks have big Afros, Women of all races wear blue sparkling eye shadow, Men carry both bags of groceries") She seems to imply that we who are in our twenties have deliberately failed to achieve the financial standing and self-esteem that previous generations had obtained when they were in their twenties. I've heard enough of this blather from my parents (who I love dearly and not because they still feed me and house me as my twenty-seventh birthday approaches) and I don't need any more of it from someone who I'd rather have written about a dream she had about giving birth to a bronze baby zebra that gives her a soldering test on an electronic brain in Nixon's corpse's cock. I read Rollerderby because it frequently causes me to exclaim out loud, "Sweet Jesus that's twisted genius!" This issue is packed with mind warping reading but I am here to poke holes, not to praise.

After a few days of repeating my infanticide joke, I entered into an hour long debate on Generation L with Liz Phair, both of us fueled by one of my amazing meals. At the time the focus of the good natured confrontation shifted, I realized that Lisa had accomplished what she had attempted to do and exactly what I admire her for - to invoke her readers to think. Lisa has always encouraged the readers of Rollerderby to question themselves: "What is it to be male or female, what does it mean to be black, white, or Asian? Exactly what is your sexuality? What do you think about your poop?" Now she is asking us to question what it means to be a young adult in the Nineties. Does it make sense to try to do as little as possible just because the present economy does not allow for all of us to achieve the kind of things previous generations have achieved?

I don't think Lisa is a likely candidate to represent our generation at large. No amount of explaining would enlighten the bulk of the population to the value of Lisa's aberrant character. I am however all for her getting all the attention from the mainstream media she can handle - things are so fucked up these days - I mean, like earlier tonight, I went to a restaurant that serves insects, and my companion and I were the only ones of the almost exclusively twenty-something crowd that had ordered them! Things have got to change, and Lisa IS an excellent candidate for Biting Fly. ...

-Gourmandizer

How "rude" is it to criticize the actions and beliefs of a person no longer living? If a politician accepted bribes from a chicken parts company and allowed that company to not follow health regulations for a year, then died, should we say, "Oh, he was a fine fellow"? Kurt (or anyone else) can be a loser all he wants, I don't care. But when a man's inability to handle things is called integrity, and that inability is turned into the defining characteristic of people my age (thus of me), I'm gonna say something about it.

And how rude is it to spend days joking about the murder of my baby as a media stunt? It's not a rich, successful and hypocritical dead man you attack; it's a five-pound baby who has so far made not a single bad decision. You are so low I am really amazed. But you're in plentiful company--almost all my acquaintances my age have shown disgust or at least incredulity upon learning I am pregnant and have encouraged me to abort a baby they know I want. They say, "How can you bring a child into this world?" Easy. Because I'm human. Being alive means making more of

your kind. That's what every single living creature does--every living creature except for Generation X. Generation X deny their human nature because if they admit what they are, they might have to do what those who are what they are do.

Generation X--all of them humans, mostly white males--say the human race (especially the white male, which my baby is) is evil and should die out. Can you imagine my tabby cat saying, "Cats are parasites--especially the tabbies--and my kitty litter is filling up landfills. Please get me neutered, and the world will be a better place when all cats are dead. Now I'm going to go do what's really important--listen to Nick Drake records and dream about the day someone will discover my diary after I'm gone and realize the depth of my depression and fall in love with me." Thank goodness I don't have to listen to such drivel from her--she's honest, and she knows what's good for a cat and asks for it with a quick, clear meow: breakfast at 6 AM and dinner at 6 PM. And she doesn't complain that the food I give her is too much or too little. Not Generation X. They complain about all gifts. Life is a gift, and they complain about being given that, and they complain that they're confused because they were offered "too many choices" and that the money their parents give them is not enough, and if their rock band receives adulation, they complain it's "too much." Even what the "present economy" gives them isn't enough to "allow" them to achieve. I wonder if a single person has ever gotten a single thing done by waiting around until she or he was "allowed" to.

Generation X wouldn't be so obnoxious if they just accepted their parasitical nature and tried to be nice parasites--cute and affectionate like pets or the demi-monde. Instead, they ridicule and feel superior to the very system upon which they are dependent for survival: SSI, food stamps, things their working friends steal from the job (including free movie passes, computer time, etc.), parents with government jobs which pay the X-er's rent...

It is not the X-er's high morals which cause him or her to attack my decision to have a baby--it is his or her absolute horror of responsibility: a baby will cost money and take away some of one's "free time"--something the Gen-X-er values above all else. Sadly, this free time is pretty much valueless--at least to the artists or want-to-be artists that make up the majority of Gen-X: it's used time that makes good art and wise people. People used to go to war and go to sea and lose their family to typhus and have babies and build towns. Then they had something interesting to talk about. Now people have angst. And all day to talk about it. Women today worry about other women being slaves of the fashion industry and other stuff that's none of their beeswax--because they don't have enough of their own beeswax to mind! The menfolk spend so much time feeling guilty and aimless and sad, there's no time left to buy a toolbox and make themselves useful. What will you do, men, when a modern Genghis Kahn (say, Zhirinovsky) invades your city? Will you go on being deep by feeling woeful? No! You'll get killed is what, and those women who think it's cute that you're so woeful--they'll be raped, then killed. Then you'll be happy because you got exactly what you'd asked for--annihilation.

Nah, you'd complain about that, too--too much pain and not enough regard shown for your "right" to not be raped and killed.

As a hard-working and creative 24 year old may I please proclaim myself to be a member of Generation L?

-Ed

yes!

We in many ways are Generation L except it is hard when you live in Detroit to keep from using that valley girl voice. Also the men here more often than not are carrying whiskey bottles instead of both bags of groceries, which means if they have a boner it's either inappropriate or short-lived. But we're trying. And we do not whine.

-Elizabeth Underwood (Cathouse)

Generation X publish fanzines and describe (or undescribe) the zine in the zine.

not a punk zine. not a straight edge zine
not a vegetarian zine. not a vegan zine.
not a alternative zine. not a gay zine.
not a bi zine. not a girl zine. not a riot
grrrl zine. not a i-hate-shannen-zine.
not a sassy zine. not a black thing.

what you make it.

BLACK, WHITE
RED, YELLOW, BROWN
(OR DOES IT REALLY
MATTER?) LABELS.
TITLES, RANK AND
CLASSIFICATION. DONT
PUT ME IN YOUR
FUCKING BOX.

What are you going to do twenty-five years in the future?
Well, I doubt I'll be doing a magazine. I won't
be having my second family or my first, that
would drain all my energy. So I'd probably be a
really smart, strong, rad chick.

I want to publish a good magazine that isn't about music,
fashion, cyber-crap, or pop-culture -- something for young
adults that doesn't make them or their habits the focus of
the magazine.

But I don't want my zine
to be a fanzine were I just name drop and write
about the bay area - I'd like to get past a certain
point with this zine - or I'll just be wasting my time
and paper - Because I feel like so much print media
is constructed to place a need in the consumer,
and I don't really always want to be a **FANZINE**★

I think it's so funny how these so un-boxed individuals are so
exactly the same.
Something else funny: while these zine editors are totally self-
conscious, they have no "self," no BEING (as they are only NOT
certain things), to be conscious of.

LC



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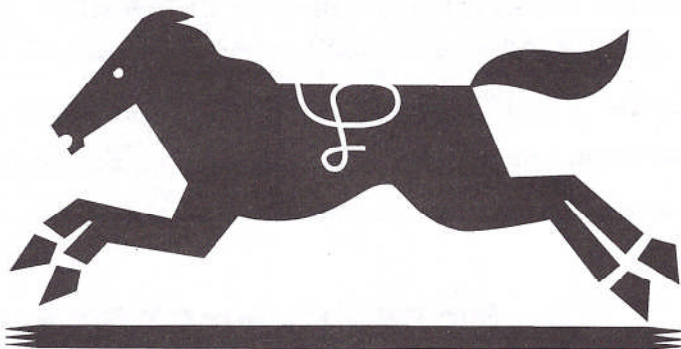
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Generation L Starter Kit

Everything will be more wonderful with this (merely \$12!) kit in your life.

Ladies: Your kit will include some of the following: sparkly eye shadow, red lip gloss, foreign language translation book, an apron (only the most elegant--one is a happy yellow mesh apron with a silk sash and little bundles of flowers safety-pinned on) and my own recipes (home-cooked meals make the home-cooker look very beautiful), foam curlers (comfortable to sleep on) and hair net in an attractive pouch, and other things. All kits include the exclusive Beauty Tips from the Ladies of Generation L--including how to make your date feel comfortable and yourself pampered.

The Menfolk: Your kit will include some of the following: money clip (pull a sleek, well-mannered, clipped stack of bills from your pocket after dinner and make the ladies sigh), a tie, nuts and bolts and a Handyman booklet to tell you what to do with them, and other things. All kits include the exclusive How To Make Your Lady Absolutely Crazy About You.

Tell me a lot about yourself so I can custom-make your kit.

If you and those around you don't notice an exciting change in you within ten days, return your kit for a full refund.

Also makes an interesting gift.

Checks payable to LISA CARVER
PO Box 18054
Denver CO 80218

I want in Gen. L, but I'm not sure if I qualify, so now I bring my case to you and let you decide. I have no problem carrying groceries or having erections, but I'm not sure if I can fix everything. I can glue and nail things, but have little experience at electronics or machines. I did sort of fix my CD player. It was making funny noises with some CDs, and I surmised that the drawer/slot didn't fit right, so I opened it up (against the warranty's policy!!) and YANKED on it till it went in better. I'm not really pro-horses, but I'm definitely not *anti*-horses. I did pet the mules at the Busch Gardens petting zoo a couple weeks ago.

-Chris Cook, 1907 Old Stage Road, Alexandria, VA 22308
You qualify!

More Letters

I wanted to call you and tell you again that I love you. I know that you don't remember me but that's OK. I guess *Rollerderby* is a big big super big thing now and I know you don't have time to write back to me, so I'll just tell you some things I think about. I am 15 and nobody will let me do anything so I have plenty of time to think. Suckdog is the best thing and I love to listen to *Drugs Are Nice* over and over and over again. It is so weird how it is exactly like me and my friend Lauren. This stupid kid was in my room and Suckdog was on and she asked if it was me and Lauren. This is a fan letter but what else can I be but a fan of you Lisa. When I get big I'm gonna do good stuff too and I'll send you whatever it is I do. You will lick it. I lick you.

Could you maybe print my address even though this is a stupid letter?

-Beth Bodmer, 3514 Deer Creek, Grapevine TX 76051

"Killer Bears And Me" [RD 15] made me hot, and I dreamed about sex for the first time in a long while. I feel human again! I dreamed that this pizza hut manager who was 56 years old just grabbed me by the hair when I was having a personal pan employee meal in the back room and seduced me until I about melted. His dick had stretch marks and callouses because he was old and had a lot of sex.

-Leyna Marika

Girls and Horses [by Carrie and Kerry, guest editors of RD 15], that's something I've been wanting to see explained, or at least explored, for a long time, and your magazine always tackles those kinds of topics for me. Some other GIRL things I hope you touch upon some time: sign language and the use of "ubby-dubby" to confuse boys; going to the bathroom together; braiding each other's hair; "pretty" girls hanging out with several "fat" or "ugly" girls; dressing exactly alike. Can you help?

Your ongoing hairdresser story has inspired me finally to write about my barbers. I have had a very personal and important relationship with four or five old men over the years. Your hairdresser experiences are a lot more exciting than mine, but they bring out the same idea that the salon/barbershop is a place for a woman/man to go and be with other women/men, like a club-house, but with this weird charismatic torturer figure there who rules with an iron fist.

-Joshua Glenn

Please print this retraction: Sherwood Anderson did not choke to death on a toothpick--he swallowed it and died of peristitis.

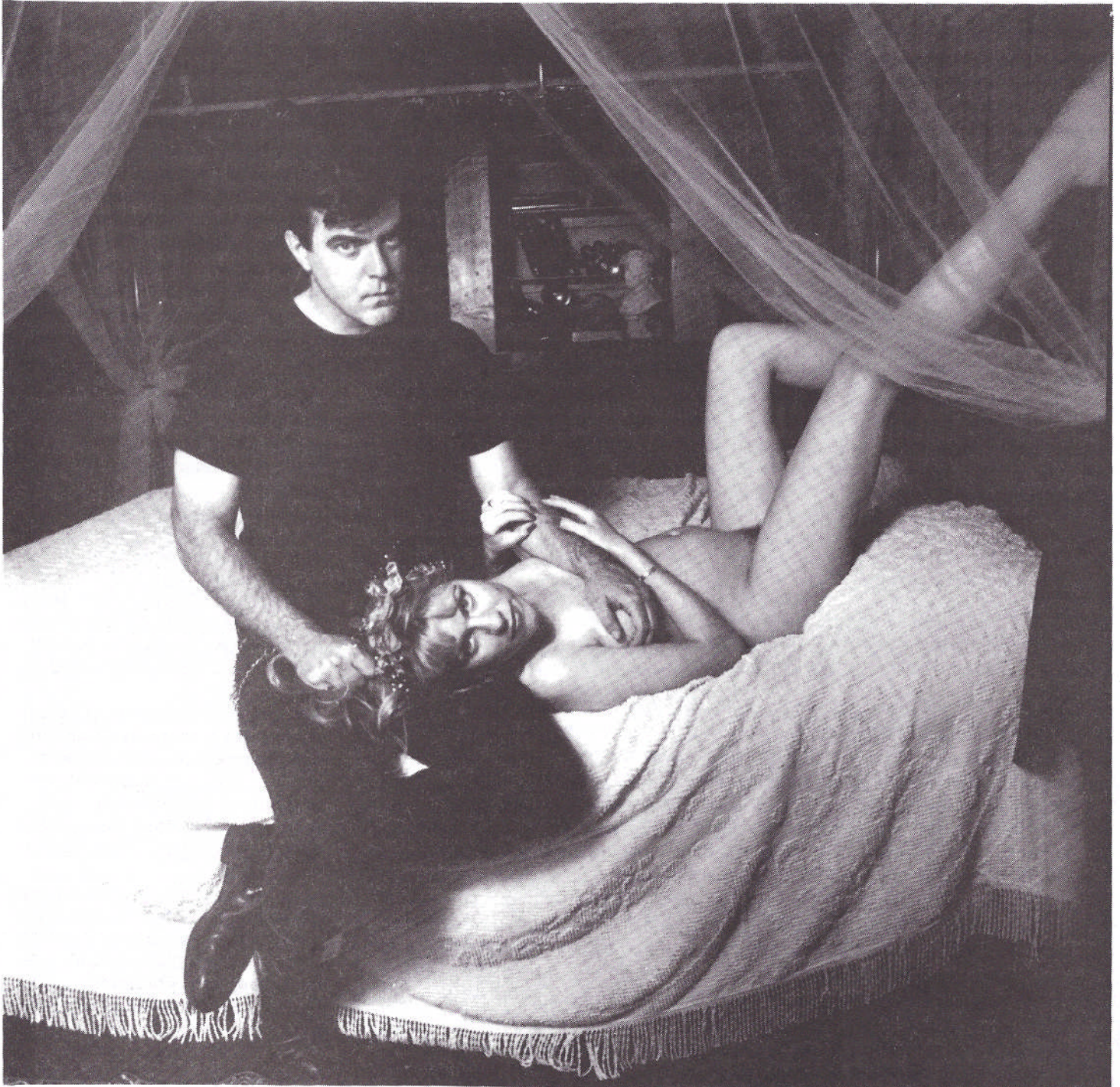
New Spagg info: on recent shows, Spagg has pooped on camera and gotten his butt kicked by Indian Welder (right there...on video!!). I sent him a free copy of *Rollerderby* today--I hope he doesn't track me down with the return address. He might think I like him and that I'm a real nice lady. We know what Spagg thinks of nice ladies...

Also--why is Boyd Rice considered a Nazi? His name instantly makes people's butts squeeze in disgust, but no one ever explains why. Enlighten me, Lisa. (He has a dreamy singing voice on "Let's Keep It Friendly.")

-Kerry McLaughlin

Rollerderby Readers

Review *My* Boyfriend →



Boyd and Lisa (five and a half months pregnant)

photo: Richard Peterson

When I got the frantic phone call from my friend, George, several weeks ago exclaiming "Lisa is having Boyd's baby!" I wasn't sure how I felt about it. Some of Boyd's sociopolitical philosophies (or manifestos, perhaps?) are pretty scary (although he doesn't scare me nearly as much as Costes did.) It rather reminded me of the Montel Williams Show entitled "Aryan Mothers Raising Little Baby Nazis" or something, but I get the feeling that you are much too smart to raise your child as anything but a free thinker. As for the attraction to Boyd, I am perplexed, but then again, it's really none of my business. I just wish you and the kid well. It will be an interesting life for the little one.

When I ponder the concept of "The Master Race" I think of the film clips of any rag tag pack of drooling, obviously in-bred neo-Nazis with oddly shaped skulls, who have no idea just how sad and irrelevant they look to the rest of the world. I guess some people define the concept of racial purity as breeding only with their own mothers and sisters. Reminds me of the old joke about "Uncle Daddy."

Sigh...

(Vic Stanley)

Dave from Earwaves laid this hot rumor on me. The one that goes Lisa Carver is pregnant with Boyd Rice's baby?! If it's what you're after, congrats. A cooler cat than B.R.'s hard to find. If not, condolences. If it's just a wild rumor be amused/ disgusted. Gossip gossip gossip.

-Wayne Kuske

This letter touches upon several items, to wit:

(Actually, too many items, to wit, so we'll cut this three-page letter down.)

...what you do is really none of my fucking business. Yet...I feel compelled to ask: is Boyd Rice a Nazi or not?...

If the latter, then why does he have his picture taken in Answer Me! wearing a swastika medallion? Is this purely pour epater le bourgeois? He can't really see anything admirable in Hitler or the Nazi movement or does he? The most superficial inquiry will disclose that Hitler was one of the greatest dipsticks in history, a complete drooling military idiot, in addition to being physically repulsive in the extreme (severe, mind-blowing flatulence and rotting teeth, both from eating six or seven desserts for dinner every day). If people must admire dictators, why not Stalin? He lived a lot longer than Hitler, won World War II and killed a fuck of a lot more people. If Boyd is a Nazi, then he can kiss my Jewish ass (the right cheek please, I'm only half-Jewish)...I have also enclosed a brief review of a biography of Oswald Mosley, the British fascist. Please read it and ponder. If you see any parallels between Boyd and Mosley, WATCH OUT!...

(Mark A. Mellon)

Lisa-thanks for the new Rollerderby...wonderful as always. Is Boyd Rice really a nazi?

(the marvelously succinct Tony R. Boies. That was his whole letter!)

To find out if Boyd Rice is a Nazi or not, just look at how he behaved during the strategic board game RISK. At the start of the game, Boyd took North America and set his sights on South America. I took Africa and was slowly moving into Europe. Friend Jaina was struggling with the enormous continent Asia/Russia, and my father--the evil burrowing worm--holed up in that puny two point purple continent like he always does, quietly building up his armies, appearing innocent and helpful while actually manipulating the rest of us to annihilate each other. I was wise to his tricks, and warned the other players. Instead of listening to me, Boyd broke our treaty and took Europe from me! He said if I couldn't hold it, it wasn't mine. Then he took one country from Jaina's continent so it wasn't her continent anymore, and she couldn't get her seven replacement armies each turn, and she died a quick death on the Ukrainian planes. I held onto Africa for a few turns, but as I was getting three replacement armies while greedy, treacherous Boyd was getting 12 for North and South America and from my Europe that he stole from me, I knew it wouldn't be long now. I divided my remaining strength between hurling my armies against Boyd and my father. After my last soldier died of exhaustion, my father showed his true colors at last, and let loose his hordes, taking Asia in one turn. He and Boyd battled until 11:30 when step-mother Linda came out and yelled at them for being so noisy when she had to get up for work in five hours, and wouldn't let them play anymore. I wouldn't

talk to Boyd for an hour because of the way he had treated me, his own girlfriend. All I wanted was a five-point continent (Europe), the same as him (America). Boyd thought that was funny. So did my father.

The following is a fax and internet posting I received third-hand:

Shut The Fuck Up

by Gerard Cosloy (only reads The Voice to see who's playing at Brownies)

re: Lisa Carver, vocals for D-Generation

- 1) see "The Al Franken Decade," funnier, got to the punchline quicker.
- 2) "Boyd is just as outspoken as Courtney, but he's not an asshole." This is open to conjecture. Perhaps not an asshole, but certainly a nazi sympathizer, which is much cooler, of course. Going by this line of thinking, Al Jourgensen and Jim Nash must be the coolest guys on earth.
- 3) Kurt Cobain's best friend was not Jad Fair, it was Dylan Carlson, failed heavy metal musician and weapons enthusiast. Had Kurt been smart enough to befriend someone with a different hobby (say, collecting nazi paraphernalia) he might still be alive today. Or at the very least, he would've picked a cleaner way of killing himself.
- 4) "As a member of Generation L, you need feel no more shame. Instead, you can show off your figure as you get rich." Can I suggest M. Maples, C. Crawford or K. Moss as alternate voices of a generation (for when Lisa gets a sore throat?). [No. But Anna Nicole Smith would do. -LC]
- 5) "...when challenged by a valiant people with a million ideas and the ego to carry them out." Maybe my math is a little rusty, but Lisa seems to be about 999,999 ideas short... really, are any ideas represented here beyond "I'm self-obsessed, look at me"?

Nominating a voice for any generation is a very bad idea...if we have to live vicariously through someone else's glamorous lifestyle (and/or be inspired by anyone), John Kruk or Laura Carter are better choices, really.

That said, Lisa Carver is an enormously talented and productive individual. But it is very hard to remember why when she resorts to

this kind of foolishness. Carver's manifesto packs the full intellectual wallop of a "club kids" segment on "The Richard Bey Show"...all parties concerned should enjoy the (dim) limelight while they can, because someday (perhaps tomorrow afternoon), everyone will be too bored with your faces to care.

When I said show off your figure, I meant it's more attractive to be a little vain and wear tight clothes no matter what your body shape. Say you have "meaty thighs" and you think you're fooling everyone by wearing baggy clothes all the time. You're not. They're suspecting the worse: 'What is under those dresses?' Besides, the person whose opinion counts the most--the one you sleep with--is gonna find out anyway. Even if you always turn the lights off when you do it, he'll feel those meaty thighs and know they're there. So you might as well wear hot pants and act like meaty thighs are in...and people will believe you! There are plenty of people (like me) who go wild at the thought of sinking their fingers into some juicy thigh flesh. And others can be converted by your confident, sexy, meaty-thigh stride.

Who's Laura Carter?

In Seth Sanders' two-page Generation L review in Nest Of Ninnies, he says L isn't interesting because it's a melange of Dale Carnegie and the Cocktail Nation--but I think that sounds like a terribly attractive melange! He also calls it an industrial-noise version of bourgeois America circa 1950. I like industrial OK, but prefer romantic pop songs I know the words to, and while America 1950 is fine, I prefer the fashions of the disco era (for everyone except the white male, who was dealt an unfortunate blow by the entire decade of the '70s) and the morals of the Little House On The Prairie era.

"... And I suppose I don't give a fuck," says angry Seth, "since I'm basically better than Lisa at most of the things she's trying to sell. The problem is that there are so MANY people that are so much better at it than she is, so much richer, happier, better-looking. And they're usually so much worse than record store employees. I met 'winners' at Harvard, I know them. They bore the living shit out of me. As funny as her program looks, I can only dimly imagine how much it would suck if it caught on...*

"If [women] take fashion advice from [Lisa] they'd be better off as burn victims. The vision of a generation of trenders all got up like they're 12-year-old girls with slabs of mommy's blue eyeshadow staggering around in mommy's horrible cast-off gowns makes me reach for the curtains, or my girlfriend, who's too rugged, fresh-faced, and outdoorsy to want to wear any makeup. ...

"[The L Manifesto says:] 'Learn foreign languages--they're pretty and practical, and you can try 'em out on the foreigners you meet on luxury cruises.' Uh huh. Look, I know languages that you [Lisa] don't even know exist, as well as a passel of ones spoken by living people. In my experience, Swiss people and Turkish street urchins tend to know the most foreign languages, and they're the two most tedious and disgusting sorts of people you can meet. ...

"[The Manifesto also says:] 'Buy your parents some flowers and quit bugging them.' Idiot. Buy your parents some flowers and start hosing them, it's much more profitable. ..."

Seth also claims (without anyone asking him to) that he can "whip [Lisa's] faggot boyfriend's ass. But you know what? I'm ABOVE all that. I prefer to sit around in faux-run-down cafes and listen to CDs of Faust covers by impossibly obscure French bands. It's actually a lot nicer." He also asks if my boyfriend taught me the word "angst," makes fun of one of Boyd's records and goes on and on for no logical reason about Boyd having spelled Weltanschauung wrong: "Deleting one of the U's is a significant error, because there's a pretty rigid morpheme boundary at the end of each stem in that word, one

that anyone with a real knowledge of German would never accidentally cross."

Not that this has anything to do with anything, but Boyd probably didn't misspell Weltanschauung--I typed his article, and probably misread his handwriting, and my usually punctilious proof-reader Alex didn't catch it. It's wonderful that Seth knows about Germanic rigid morpheme boundaries--we all need our area of expertise in life. Could you tell me, though, what place that has in a Generation L review? Or how the Nazi paraphernalia, which Gerard mentions twice, is relevant? Neither the L manifesto nor I have ever had anything to do with Nazi paraphernalia or morpheme boundaries--rigid or otherwise. I made L up all on my own; my boyfriend was 1,500 miles away. It is so unenlightened of these fellas to judge my work by my boyfriend's tastes. It's so sexist--as if I'm just an extension of my man. I might judge a woman by her mate, but then I don't go around pretending to be a feminist, indie-rock, enlightened nice guy like these two do.

Speaking of people's mates...Seth's stupid girlfriend can wear her stupid face bare till the day she dies for all I care. The whole friggin' lot of Generation X could keel over dead tomorrow for all it would bother me. It is a little annoying to see their miserable faces and hear their miserable voices day after day, but I took five years of it before saying a word against it--and I didn't criticize their way of life until I had a better plan to offer. There are millions of their kind--why feel threatened by what might be a handful of 12-year-old-harlot-looking gals and their steady beaus? Because people always get hostile when something makes them suddenly realize they might have been thinking and living in a not good way. Those handful of made-up gals and tool-using guys are jolly...and these nasty zine editors think, 'What am I doing wrong that I'm not jolly?' And that makes 'em mad! I would be proud to know a bunch of languages and to have gone to Harvard. But Seth is bored, disgusted, embarrassed--he would feel better about himself had he spent that time working in a record store. He is obviously an erudite, intelligent man (in some ways), yet he calls his own magazine Nest Of Ninnies (insulting himself, his staff, and his readers) and uses it for putting down people he claims to find worthless (ie. Byron Coley, who he mentions just about every page every issue!). Seth personifies what I find most dishonorable about X: he brings out the worst in himself. (Newsweek called Gerard one of the most influential members of Gen X, so at least he has distinguished himself, even if it is as leader of a generation of pigeons.) Anyway, they and their kind can attack me and my kind all they want--I am enjoying the limelight, thanks, even when it comes from poopy intellectuals like you. This L "controversy" has been for me a whole lot of something I bet those crabby old men haven't seen any of for a long time: fun.

GOD, is that Seth a wretch! His mother split her precious vagina open to make room for him--his parents probably put him through Harvard (I don't know of anyone being able to afford that school on their own)--and he wants to hose them down as if they did some crime.

Furthermore, Seth, since you brought it up--I seriously doubt that you could whip my boyfriend's ass. I know for sure, though, that he would find beating you up a lot more satisfying than sitting around in faux-run-down cafes listening to impossibly obscure French bands. Which is one reason he's my boyfriend. I'm not a violent person, Seth, but I must say: you need to be beat up.

My L publicist is Victoria Wheeler (Autotonic) at (212) 260-3389, and I highly recommend her services. All you do is give her a bunch of money and tell her your idea, and she'll tell everyone about it and get you on TV and stuff. I got to go talk on National Public Radio mere days after she sent out the press releases! And soon I'll be on MTV and in Elle! You'll be sad to part with your hard-earned cash, but you'll be glad to be rich and famous in no time at all!

**Yeah, well I'm better than you at the one thing you're trying to sell ("impossibly obscure French bands")--I toured for five years with a French musician so impossibly obscure he only sold 30 copies of his last CD. Top that! I even win at losing! Ah, ha, ha!*

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The Penis And Vagina In The Arts by LC

Models, Inc. Aaron Spelling (TV)

I've never seen an actual penis or vagina on *Models, Inc.*, but I *have* seen camel toe (pants so tight you can see the outline of the vagina lips) on that racy Australian just *every episode*! I admired her resiliency when she tried to force the man she loves--the drunk son of the boss--to say he loved her while she took advantage of him on the couch: when he refused to say it, she just said, "Oh well!" and threw herself into the humping. A practical lady. I squirmed through the scene where the cute and sincere cop and the tough 53-year-old murder suspect lady are making out and after some leading dialogue (I forget what--maybe she says, "Are you going to hold me to that, Lieutenant?"), he handcuffs her to the bed! She murmurs, "Oh, lieutenant!" Oh, I wanna be a murder suspect and have the cute and sincere lieutenant handcuff *me*! But I think the lady and the lieutenant really love each other--they admire each other's toughness...though circumstances make their love difficult.

Plus everyone's having sex with everyone on *Models, Inc.*, and one of 'em is the killer--that means everyone's having sex with the killer. Very kinky.

This show has been very encouraging to my love life. It prompts ideas and discussion. The psychotic brunette and the married man do it all over the place--on a drafting table, in an airplane bathroom.... After that scene I said to my boyfriend, "You never groan *that* much with *me*!" He said, "Yes I do!" So then we did it and I paid attention with my ears and he was right!

C'mon, Get Happy... David Cassidy (book)

Every other page this man talks about how big his penis is. When he's not saying how big it is, he's saying how big other people say it is. He quotes porn star Gina Lollobrigida as begging to meet "the monster." To hear him tell it, he must have had sex with about five billion people--all fans (or, more often--he allowed them to suck him off). He says it took only ten minutes for him to come, and he could come up to seven times a night. He is so proud of how he would say to his fans, "Look, you got ten minutes--do you really want to *talk* to me, or do you want to fuck?" He told that story *twice* in one book! I can just imagine how many times his poor friends have to listen to that story. He says that line *really* turned the ladies on--the ladies *love* honesty. After that killer come-on got the woman where he wanted her, he would make her tell him her fantasies about him, then she'd have to crawl around like a dog, woofing, or like a train, saying "Choo-choo!" So actually David must come in like *one* minute, because all that preliminary activity must really eat into the fan's ten minutes.

He never said exactly *how* big his penis is, but if I ever meet him I'll tell him, "David, on someone as short and scrawny as you, a *clitoris* would look big!" I don't want to be insulting, but I just think he should know.

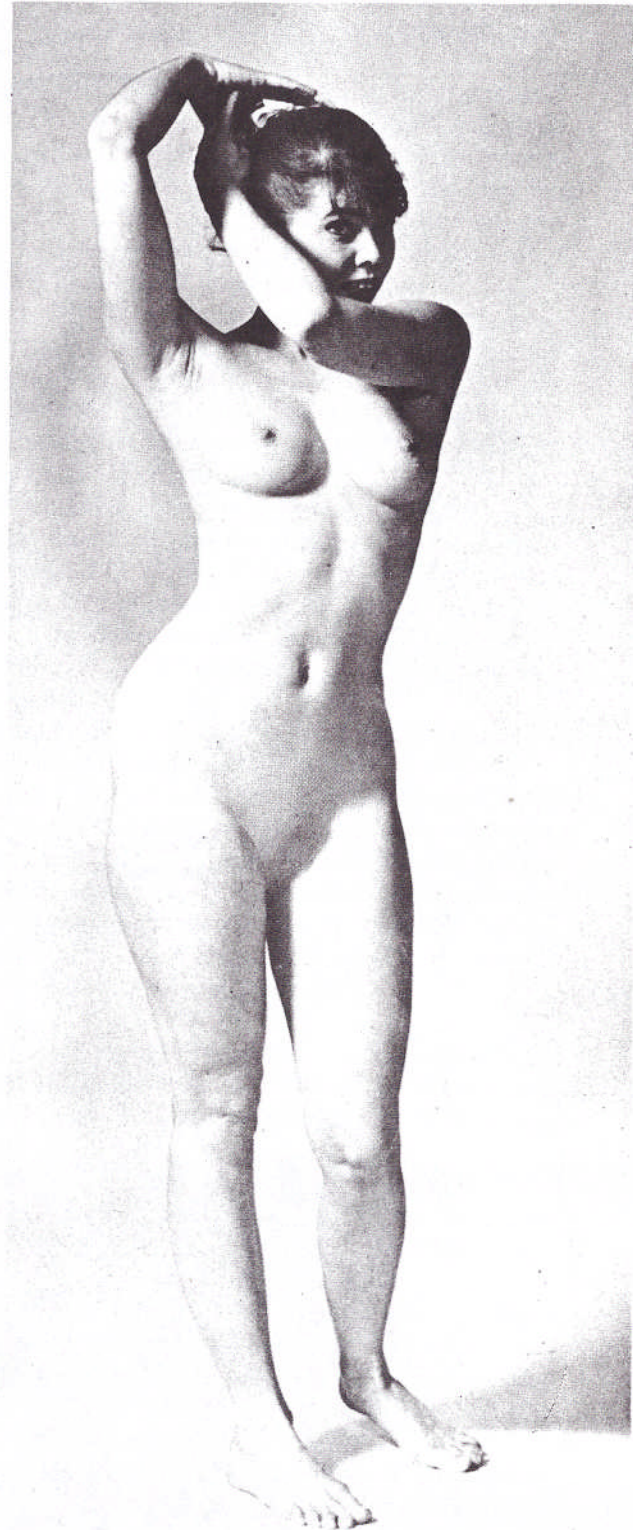
In the few moments when he's not talking about his PENIS, he's saying mean things about his father Jack. The poor guy died in a fire 20 years ago--leave him alone! Not only does David Cassidy *have* a big dick--he *is* a big dick!

Shogun and Tai-pan James Clavell (books)

It wasn't enough for James Clavell to have Asian women gossiping for 700 pages about his hero's big penis (*Shogun*)--he had to write an even *bigger* book about a man with an even *bigger* penis eight years later (*Tai-pan*)! I don't know why authors never describe the heroine's vagina--it is a very expressive attribute, and a description of it would be very helpful to character development.

(ballet)

How 'bout that Mikhail Baryshnikov, eh?

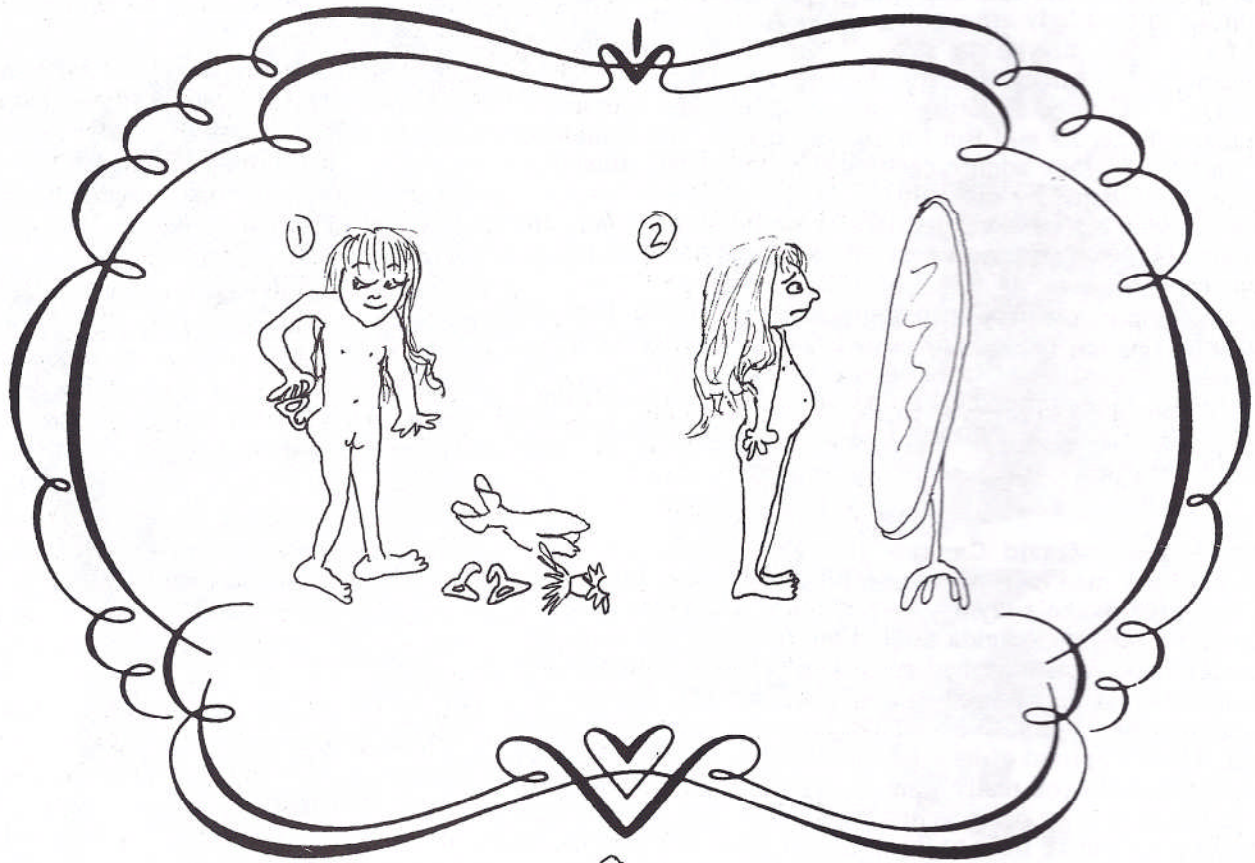


Artists are shy about female genitalia.

HOW DID YOU FIND OUT ABOUT

SEX?

(heh, heh)



Vicky Wheeler and family
Christmas 1970
illustration by Lisa

ANN DOWNING: I was playing hide and seek in my house when I was about seven. I was in my parents' bedroom and in my father's night table was a stack of porno magazines. Really hardcore ones. Icky ones. I just looked at them--I couldn't believe it. Those people looked like aliens, not human beings.

LISA: Did you tell anyone about the magazines?

ANN: No. Certainly not. But I went back there many times to look. I'd look at them for hours. I thought that the pubic hair was a little gross.

LISA: Why?

ANN: It was just...*hairy*. Weird and hairy.

MARY ELLEN CARVER: You know, I didn't like that review you sent me that that guy wrote [*Asylum For Shut-Ins* #3] about the last interview I did with you. I didn't *know* that you went around the country taking your clothes off and doing what you did, whereas he makes it seem like I *condoned* it and am not a responsible mother. I didn't know!

LISA: If journalists are gonna talk about you, get used to being lied about.

MEC: I feel like writing to him and saying, "I beg your pardon, but you have a cock-eyed view of everything. Lisa was a very headstrong, determined, independent woman from when she was two years old on and I couldn't control her. And--"

LISA: I think it was a good review. You can't ask for much from these people who are mostly camped out in their parents' basement putting out fanzines that are never gonna make them any money and all they *can* get are a few vicarious thrills. They're not gonna spend their time fact-checking. That reviewer was much more thoughtful than most.

MEC: I'm going to write him a letter! I didn't like it *at all*! Anyway--sex. I first heard about it for sure when my mother sat my brother and me down when I was 12 to explain it to us. I got up about halfway through and said, "That's disgusting!" and ran out of the room. The thought that my father put his...*penis*...into my *mother*!

LISA: Were you angry at your father for doing that?

MEC: I was thoroughly disgusted at them both. I thought it was just a horrid idea. And slightly underhanded.

LISA: Did you understand that your life began with this disgusting union?

MEC: Yes.

LISA: And how did you feel about that?

MEC: Disgusted!

GARY HELD: I was horrified. I was afraid. Women are so large.

LISA: In what way?

GARY: They're so big.

LISA: What part of them?

GARY: The whole woman.

LISA: Do you still feel that way?

GARY: Yeah.

VICKY WHEELER: My mother was pregnant with my baby brother when I was in kindergarten and I was obsessed with

finding out how he got in there. My friend Carol and I were sharing sex theories on the playground and these two guys--sixth graders--behind us said, "You take the boy's *wooh-wooh!* and put it into the girl's *wooh-wooh!*" Then they started screaming and ran away. We thought that meant you take the little peter thing and put it into the girl's butt. So that night I took one of my doll's tiny plastic hangers and put it up my butt!

LISA: Why did you think that would be the appropriate substitute for a penis?

VICKY: I think I thought it was about the right size and shape. After I did that, I thought I'd have a baby. I was afraid to tell my mother. I'd stick my stomach out in front of the mirror every day to see how pregnant I was. One day my mother caught me. She said, "Hold in your tummy--you look *fat*." So I started sucking my stomach in all the time. I think that's why I have such good posture today.

It was too risky to explore my own butthole anymore, but I thought it was safe to stick my finger up my baby brother Toby's butthole--he was a boy, so he couldn't get pregnant. I wanted to find out what was in there, where the baby would go--I was really probing around in there! He just laid there and cooed like babies do.

My friends and I were in the shower stall in my friend Missy's basement and we wanted to explore each other's buttholes, but were afraid we'd get babies. But Missy said she didn't care, we could look at hers. Her mother opened the door and saw Missy on all fours and us peering up her butt. The mother got hysterical. But she was always hysterical.

Eventually my mother gave me a book--I still have it--*Love And Sex In Plain Language* by Eric W. Johnson. It said a man and a woman fall in love and get married, then they whisper things to each other and the female area gets softened up. It said the man gets an erection and ejaculates, but nothing comes out of the woman. I was going on dates and getting moist in my panties, so I thought something was wrong with me. After reading that book I started wearing a Kotex pad when I went on a date.

DAME DARCY: My mother informed me about sex when I was three and she was pregnant. I remember joking about ding-dongs and vaginas with my brother when I was five and he was three.

LISA: What other names did you have for the penis?

DARCY: Twinkie, of course. Peener. And weiner and weinie. But ding-dong was the favorite among the boys.

LISA: What other names for the vagina?

DARCY: Just vagina. I knew a lot more about penises than I did about vaginas, that's for sure. My brother couldn't pee in the toilet so I drew a picture of him peeing into the toilet with the penis really huge, and I taped it above the toilet to help him. My mother thought it was cute.

These boys a lot older than me would play doctor with me and put their hands down my panties. Some of them were 12. They were all Mormons. One of them was Melanie Bitten's brother Mike.

LISA: How did you feel when they put their hands down your panties?

DARCY: It was just a game. They were cute, too! One of them ran over me with his ten-speed!

BOYD RICE: Is that what led up to the doctor games? First they'd injure you, then they'd doctor you?

DARCY: Bah, hah, hah!

DAVID TIBET: I remember finding a condom that belonged to my mother and father. I must have known that there was something secret about it, as, having opened it, I then set fire to it to try to remove the evidence. Unsuccessfully.

LISA: I hear that in prep school in England the boys get in a circle and masturbate on a cookie and the last one to come has to eat it.

TIBET: We didn't have cookies at my school. We were allowed only a half pound of sweets every week--I usually opted for a quarter pound of fudge and a quarter pound of toffee.

LISA: You could've all come on a biscuit.

TIBET: Only the prefects were allowed biscuits. Between ten to 13 years old I don't think I could hit 11 on the dial anyway. No, my first knowledge of sex was mainly concerned with the divinity master, so it wasn't that pleasant. I was ten. I introduced him to [reading] Crowley.

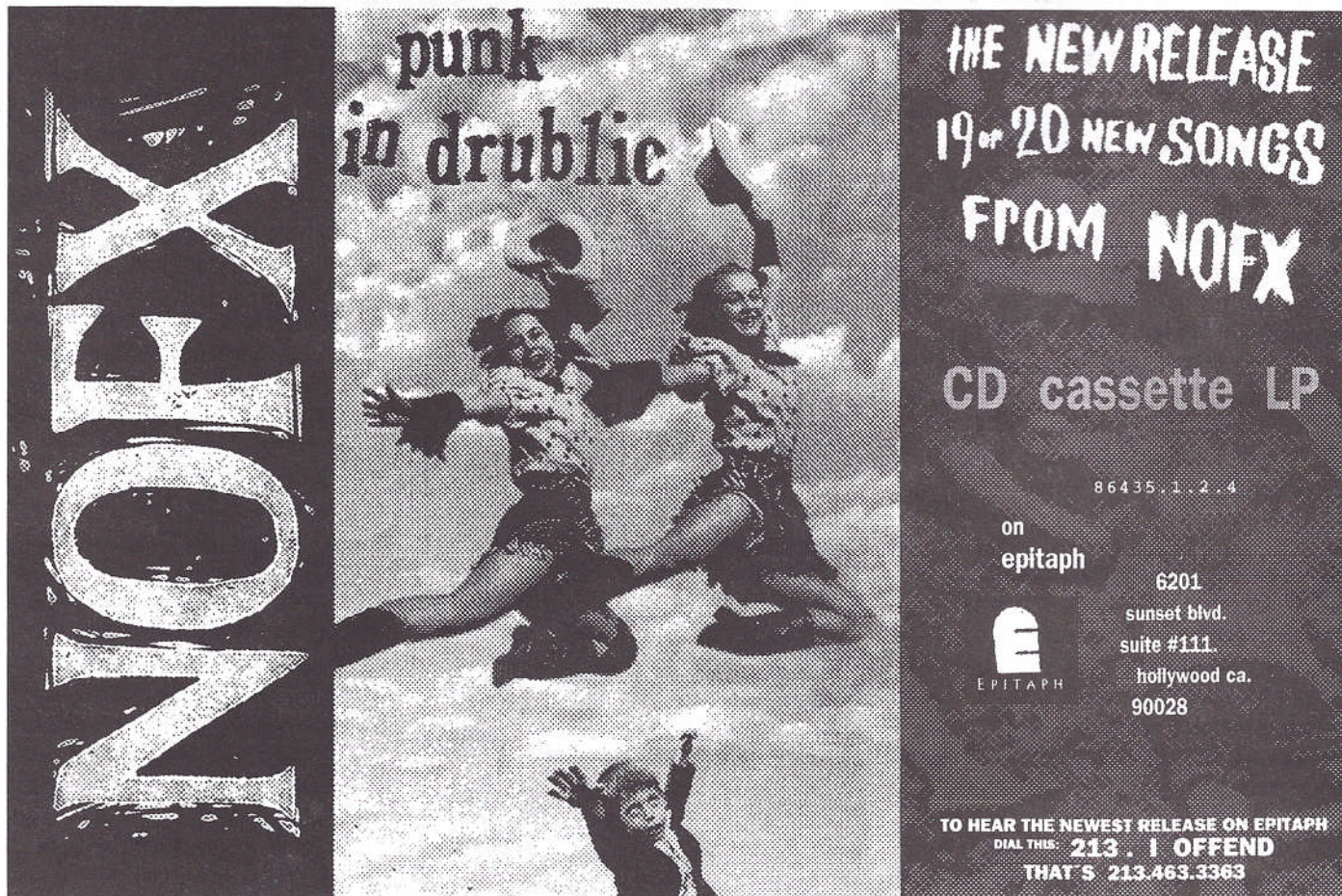
LISA: Did you have sex with him?

TIBET: No. Though it was obviously a sexual thing. I was, I suppose, a very attractive young boy--blond hair, blue eyes, and he took a fancy to me. He was diabetic and would do blood tests in front of me. He was always hoping to get me to help with his urine tests. I don't know if I was to

hold the test tube or the other tube. He gave me liberal quantities of sugar-coated almonds, which were my favorite sweets, and two sets of black plastic goggles which he claimed enabled you to see the aura around creatures. But they were useless for seeing anything at all, never mind the aura. And still he tried to get a sign of affection from me --upon returning from our walks on the quadrangle he would say, "David, I noticed you really wanted to hold my hand [out] there." Untrue.

Eventually he was sacked by the school. The headmaster was fired for fumbling for the boys' balls and dick during his nightly "rough and tumbles." The divinity master went due to counter-charges--the headmaster, I believe, was determined that he should not fall alone for his pederasty. So we were left with just the alcoholic heterosexual Geography teacher.

RACHEL: Previous to sixth grade I thought kids were made when people kissed and wished hard. Or maybe peed on each other. Then in The Sex Tree, where our sexual conversations and paraphernalia were relegated, Carolyn Roete showed me a book which described it in terms of dogs and chickens. It was a horrible, nasty book. Showed dogs getting on top of each other. With their parts. I wish I had had a book like Chris had--moms and dads with big tits and dinks, smiling.



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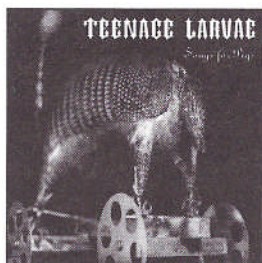
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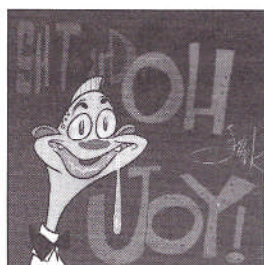
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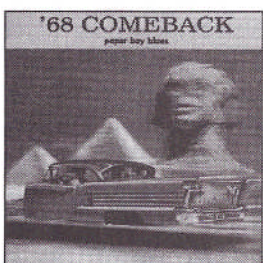
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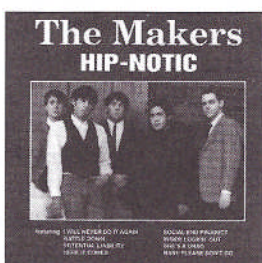
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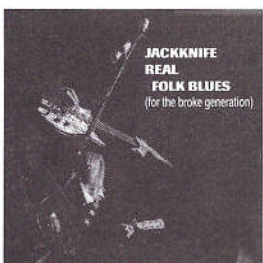
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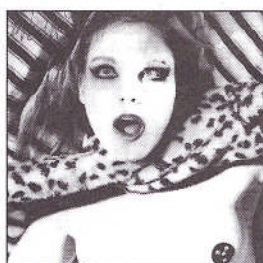
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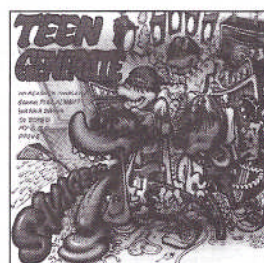
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I Was A Pre-Pubescent Sex Fiend

by Boyd Rice

First Glimpse Of Female Genitalia

It was at Merry-Go-Round nursery school in Lemon Grove. It occurred during potty time. We'd line up and take turns using the toilet. On this particular day I ended up in the restroom at the same time as a certain little girl. How it happened I'm still not sure. As she peed she hollered my name. When I looked around to see what she wanted, she hiked up her dress, spread her legs, and used two fingers to spread open her pussy lips. The image of those pudgy flaps of flesh burned itself into my psyche. I'd always found that particular girl to be somewhat repellent, yet the the revelation of what was hidden up under her skirt seemed undeniably compelling.

I grew up in the early '60s when the vagina was a source of awe and mystery. Back then *Playboy* couldn't show pubic hair, so even on the rare occasions when kids saw pictures of naked ladies, we'd only see the breasts. And if breasts alone offered such prurient appeal, I could only imagine what the pussy had to offer. The memory of the repellent girl's spread puffy lips was fodder enough for my imagination till second grade--then I decided I needed a closer look.

I struck a deal with a friend's little sister: in return for a piece of candy, she'd go to the field, disrobe, and let me touch her pussy. I tried to palm off the lime piece on her, but she held out for the best piece in the sack--the strawberry. She drove a hard bargain. But still, it seemed like one hell of a deal.

When the time came for her to deliver on her promise, she started having second thoughts. She'd already consumed her piece of candy and now found the idea of being naked out in the field somewhat frightening. She flat out refused to undress. I insisted--after all, a deal's a deal. Reluctantly she unbuttoned her little dress and slipped out of it. She was clad only in her panties and her socks and black patent leather shoes. I waited for her to remove those items as well, but she just stood there. Then she said that she just couldn't go on, it was wrong, and if she did it she'd get in trouble. Trouble? What possible trouble could come of it--it was our secret and no one would know. Someone would know, she asserted, nodding her head... God would know.

At that I lost all patience with her. I shoved her to the ground and yanked her panties down to her ankles. She began to cry. The sight of her bald young beaver was both incredibly thrilling and oddly anti-climactic. It seemed so featureless and unformed. It looked so very, very *bare*. Breasts had nipples, but this smooth, hairless mound had nothing to focus on really.

For a long while she just laid there in the dirt. Then she got to her feet and stood there sobbing, her panties still down around her ankles. I was disappointed that she didn't seem to be having as much fun as I was. I ended up having to give her my entire package of

candy in order to buy her silence.

The Club

Like many folks, there was also early sexual experimentation with members of my own sex. First because they were close at hand, but primarily because we hated girls--they were icky. Some pals and I had a secret club that met in the bamboo. I was appointed leader and it was I who formulated the club's by-laws. To gain entry to our sanctum sanctorum the members had to kneel and kiss my asshole. I'd actually bend over and spread my cheeks for them. How we arrived at that particular ritual I have no idea, but it seemed reasonable at the time.

The primary activities of our club were to disrobe and participate in a series of obscene exercises. We were avid watchers of Jack Lalanne's exercise program on TV. We had no idea what "gymnastic" meant, and thought Jack was saying "gym-nasty." To us, gym-nasty suggested doing naughty exercises, so we did. We weren't sophisticated enough to perform actual sex acts, but just being in a state of undress, performing strange rites outdoors, was incredibly titillating.

Ironically, when my heterosexual impulses overwhelmed me and I was the first of the club to have a girlfriend, I was called a sissy!

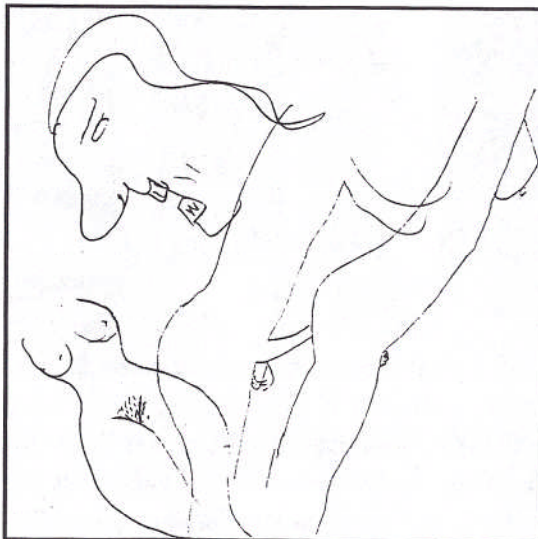
The Boner

I had always been plagued with an almost endless series of erections. As early as nursery school (and even before) I'd get erections for no particular reason that would last for what seemed an eternity. I had no idea why my cock would suddenly go stiff and create a bulge in my pants, and I didn't particularly care--but teachers and other adults did. They'd point at my crotch and ask if I needed to pee. When I'd answer no they'd tell me to go to the bathroom and at least try. Soon I discovered I had to invent various techniques of masking my involuntary erections from others. One was to put my hand in my pocket and shove my penis down. Then my teachers grew annoyed with the fact that I always had my hand in my pocket. Geez!

When I first learned the word *fuck* and what it signified, I was, to say the least, very skeptical. I'd previously theorized that the ritual of marriage was somehow magical and served to trigger the generation of the baby in its mother's womb--akin to the old notion that if you leave a piece of cheese unattended, baby mice will be born inside it. The concept of fucking, on the other hand, seemed altogether dubious. How could two organs used for peeing possibly double as tools for reproduction? It seemed tawdry at best, silly at worst, and I dismissed the idea forthwith.

Or at least I tried to.

I'd find myself haunted by the image of a man's penis going into a vagina. Even though the scenario clearly made



found in AAA Special Travelin' Memories

no sense, I couldn't shake the thought of it. I'd envision it on the way to school, at recess, even while watching cartoons. I didn't dare ask anyone whether or not what I'd heard was true--the topic was a bit too weird.

The Solitary Vice

For years I suffered under the delusion that I was one of the only people on earth who actually masturbated. My peers ridiculed it, stating that only homos would engage in such vile acts. When I finally asked how something so pleasurable could be so wrong, the answer I got threw me for a loop. "Well," my friend explained rather conspiratorially, "every time you spill your seed, there's thousands and thousands of sperm in there. Every one of those sperm is a Christian soul that you're murdering. So jacking off is like killing thousands and thousands of potential Christians. Just killin' 'em."

Rather than dissuading me from masturbating, my friend's explanation only made me enjoy it all the more. With every orgasm I could envision thousands of writhing souls, a white sea of Christians twitching in death throes. I didn't particularly care for Christians even back then, and the image really appealed to me. It still does.

Epilogue

Even though the vagina is no longer a mystery to me, my interest in it has never abated. Today, no one points at my crotch and asks if I have to pee when I get an erection, and I don't run around naked with the fellas. The image of the Merry-Go-Round girl's spread pussy lips still pops into my mind from time to time, but dying Christians stopped appearing to me sometime in 1988 (I could not tell you why). No one gets to kiss my asshole anymore but my girlfriend--and, happily, she doesn't require any candy for her services.



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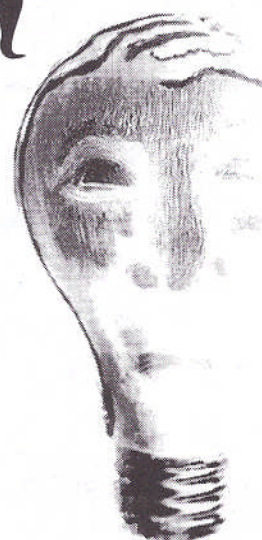
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Guy's like vibrators too - against their penis, their balls, their butthole...

Blowjob

The purpose of the blowjob is to please the man. Concentrate.

And of course, when some-
one's licking, I like to
be calm & collected so I'm
best able to make him
happy, then have un-calm
sex.

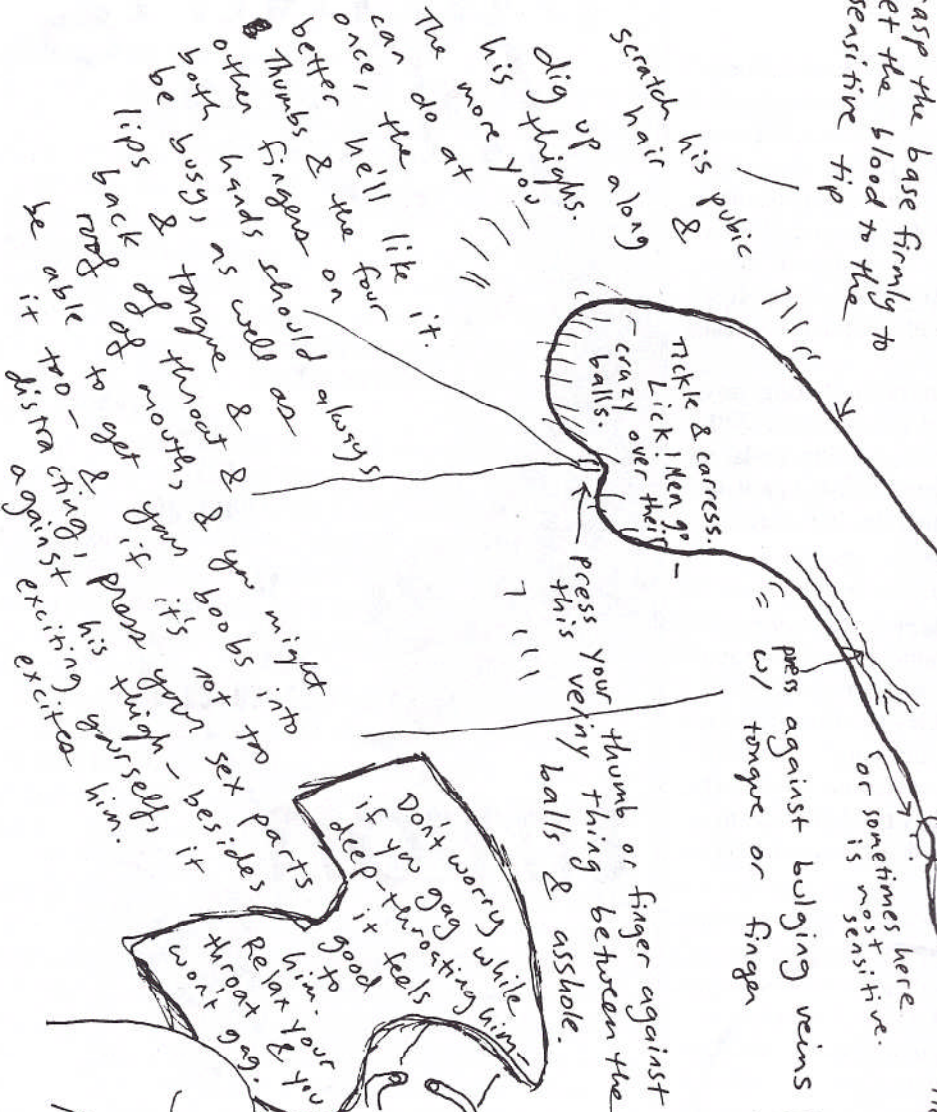
Do it like you're
really kissing a
tongue
to hand stroke
him unless he's
too long here unless he's
constantly lubricated, but you can
lick at it w/ your tongue FOREVER.
Try quick tongue & slow hand.
So many possibilities!

Some guys like you to stick your tongue
in the slit. You can tell your man isn't
one of them if he jerks away & says,
"Hey! Cut it out!"

My gets tired
giving head unless
I just suck/lick the
head & w/ spit-wet
hands, hand-jobbing the
stalk of the penis.

The "feather touch" is
graciously accepted. Oh,
barely touch him. Oh,
he'll be waiting for
more - he'll be
dyin' for you just
dyin'.

Ask to look at his asshole
some time. It's actually
usually surprisingly good-
looking. An inviting,
puckered pink little hole.
Rotate your finger around it
when sucking/fucking - this
stimulates the prostate gland. He
wants you to go deeper, you'll know.



OUTLINE OF THE BALLS SKIN

Do not dig into balls, just balls skin. I only tried this on one person - he really loved it, but each man is created different - especially concerning how he likes his balls handled, so I would advise cautious foraging in this area.

YOUR EVERY MOVE NEEDN'T BE EXOTIC - LITTLE PECKS & FRIENDLY PATS NOW & THEN ARE FINE... GUYS LIKE TO KNOW THEY'RE LIKED AS WELL AS DESIRED

YOUR EVERY MOVE NEEDN'T BE EXOTIC - LITTLE PECKS & FRIENDLY PATS NOW & THEN ARE FINE... GUYS LIKE TO KNOW THEY'RE LIKED AS WELL AS DESIRED

Actually the finger should be kept in for ten minutes in the position for model work (I wanted that operation as it's more anatomically correct than a delicate operation) such a delicate operation as it's more anatomically correct than a delicate operation

THE KISS: Butterfly flutter against his penis. Probably won't be too effective in the orgasm way, but it's a great icebreaker. (Actually feels better on nipples and clits.)



WARNING: IF YOU DO THE FOLLOWING, IN TWO SECONDS THE PLACE FORMERLY OCCUPIED ON THE BED BY A MAN YOU THOUGHT YOU KNEW WILL BE NOW HOUSE A BEAST.

That transformation will happen when you lick and suck that veiny thing between the bottle and the balls. Do the same to the hole itself & to the crease where the thigh becomes separate from the torso, and gently suck each ball into your mouth. If you feel like it, bite at his pubic hair a bit. (That's the one thing about sex that grosses me out, though - hair caught in my teeth - but if you don't mind, you'll have a grateful beau.)



VEGETARIANS: sperm really is a source of protein. VARIETY IS GREAT. I'm a vegetarian myself. I'll be taking a pretty good look at my diet. I'll be taking a pretty good look at my diet. I'll be taking a pretty good look at my diet.

The Glove

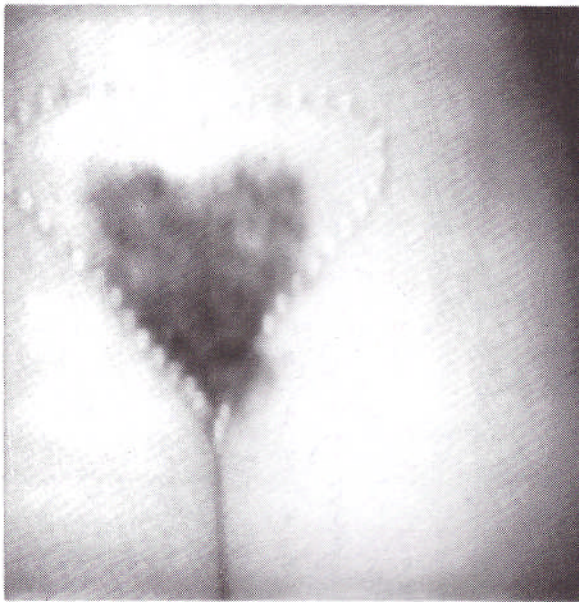
leather on the outside for sexy stroking, or stick his penis INTO the rabbit-fur lined glove. (Don't do this with a cad - he might mess up your gloves!) *



Keep your hair off your face so he can see the whole process. (Some men are shy & pretend not to be watching... but they're sneaking peeks, be sure!) Also, stick your butt up in the air if possible.

This may all sound too complicated to some - But why shouldn't it be complicated? All fine arts require much time and effort.

HOW DO YOU KEEP YOUR PUSSY?




 ← pearl necklace heart
 ← red bow
 ← tuft of hair
 reddish-blonde
 soft looking hair.
 This is one classy pussy!



Blair advises: To achieve the heart shape, trim the sides and cut a V-shape in the top carefully. I never touch the length: the longer the more luxurious. Plus you can tie things in it (like my red bow) or braid it. Gathering the bottom of it and pulling it into a bow helps shape the heart. Always soak before shaving, to soften hair follicles. When drying off, apply a little stick anti-persperant (I use Secret Powderfresh) or just baby powder. This significantly eliminates razor burn. I would not recommend bleaching the hair, but several vegetable-based dyes work well for a change and don't irritate the delicate skin. Always rub in good smelling oils and your locks of hair will be soft and beautiful. Good oils--sunflower, gardenia, frangipani.

All the shaded parts
 are blood. Body like a
 statue. Tiny, inward cunt.
 No name or return address.
 Who is this lady?

THE GEN. & MANIFESTO: IT SOMEHOW GOT
 ME TO PLUCK MY EYEBROWS AND MAKE AN
 APPOINTMENT TO GET MY TEETH CLEANED,
 SO NOW I FEEL GROOMED AND FRESH AND
UNUSUALLY HEALTHY! & MY PUSSY IS NEXT ON
 THE LIST—IT'S BEEN ALLOWED FREE REIGN
 SO FAR, BUT IT'S DUE FOR A STYLING. I
 ENVISION SOMETHING EFFICIENT & LOW-
 MAINTENANCE ^{WITH} MAYBE JUST A DAB OF
 STRAWBERRY CONDITIONER...& (Spence)

Thank you, ladies!
 I drew pictures (below the photos) because, while
 blurry polaroids are sexy, they don't reproduce
 well. (Bianca and Camilla drew their own.)



HOW DO YOU KEEP YOUR PUSSY?



I keep my pussy indoors--she is much too precious to let play in traffic. (Carla Laird)

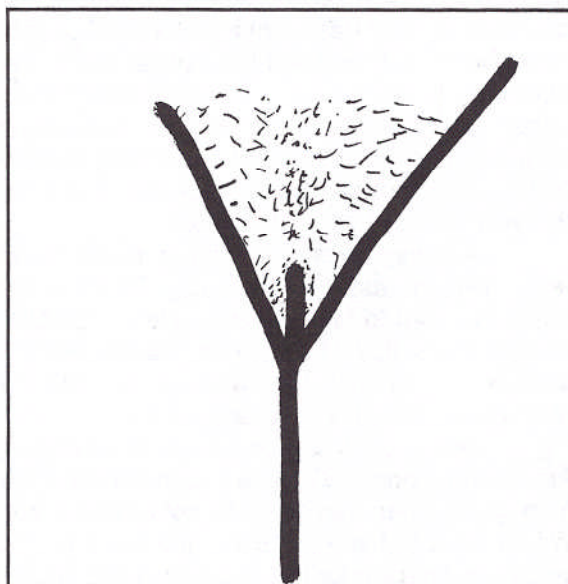
This pussy question that you asked caught me off guard. I don't recall having been asked that before. I am quite sporadic on all of my trimming needs. I have, at various times, shaved it all with not a black hair to be seen. I don't recommend that because it does in fact itch growing back. Although I would rather not shave "the area," I do not feel comfortable with genital hair showing around the swimsuit bottoms. This is all due to a boy when I was in eighth grade. I was swimming, enjoying myself and at complete ease when the rude little boy leaned over to me and said, "I can see your pussy hairs!" I was sickened and embarrassed. Not only did he cause me shame, he also said the "p" word. At the time, I could not STAND that word; could not even say it. This incident caused me to begin shaving immediately. (M. A. Woolley)

P.S. Please tell your male readers not to tease or embarrass little girls with new black hairs showing around their bikinis. It could be very detrimental.

I can't believe this girl so sensitive about her pubic hair has the last name Woolley. Life is a jolly joker. (c)

Laura Cuoza says the secret to no rash is to shave more frequently--maybe every 36 hours. And keep it dry-use talc, no lotion.

HOW DO YOU KEEP YOUR PUSSY?



puffy lips - plenty of clitoris.
Visible muscles in legs.

I'm sending the enclosed photo because I've always fantasized about posing for *Playboy* or *Penthouse*. I thought this might be my big break. Like you, I shave the lips clean and around my asshole right up to my clit and shave the sides to keep a little triangular tuft of hair on the top. I've been complimented a number of times on how pretty it is. This polaroid just doesn't do justice.

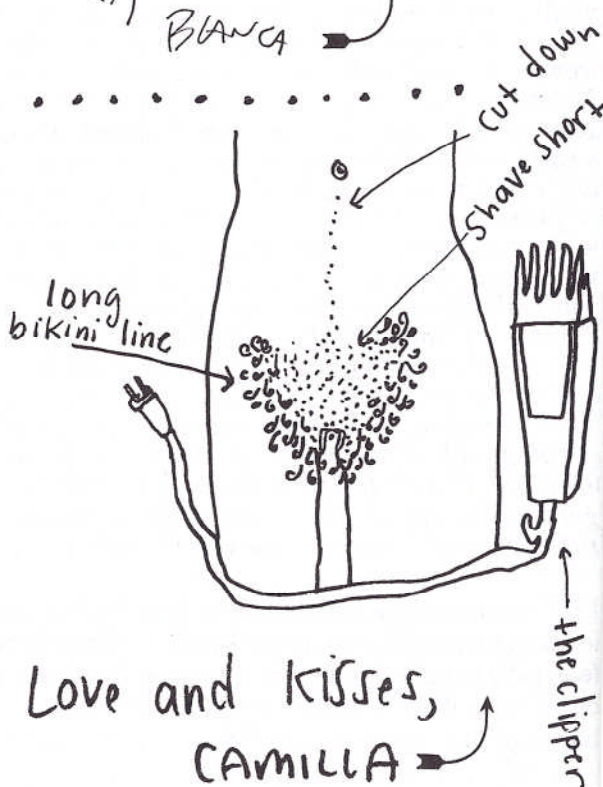
Can we be upfront here? I don't even think I need to ask. Lisa, I used to hate you. But after buying my first issue of your magazine (after watching my "boyfriend" collect every one) I see that you're very likeable and creative and that you're no better than me. See, the only reason I hated you was because my "boyfriend" tends to adopt these "goddess" figures for himself because as he says he's looking for some kind of role model to replace his mother because his mother fucked him up in the head so badly.

(continued next page)

HELLO MS. LISA HERE IS THE TWAT PIC YOU REQUESTED. I SHAVED IT TH' WAY YOU SAID ABOUT 2 WEEKS AGO AN' IT STILL GOT A BIT INGROWN. NOW THE HAIRS ARE KUNDA ~~REACT~~ REACT SHORT AND CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHAT DIRECTION TO GROW IN.

♡

BLANCA



Love and kisses,
CAMILLA

...pussy? continued from previous page

Anyway, I begin to doubt my own feelings of being a goddess, which there is no good reason for because I am highly intelligent, creative, and sexy...I begin to feel competitive somewhere inside. But the thing is there's this oedipus complex going on. I mean, he doesn't want to fuck his own mother (I don't blame him), but all these mother goddess figures he adopts for himself, including you. I never believed Freud and his oedipal and Elektra complex but come to think of it, I wouldn't mind fucking my own father...with a wooden, splintery baseball bat until he begs for mercy and his I-sit-on-my-butt-all-day hemorrhoids start oozing and he begs for forgiveness but I won't give it. Because revenge is much sweeter.

Anyway, besides having these goddesses he feels insecure about his sexuality. There is absolutely no reason for him to feel that way. He's a GOOD FUCK but doesn't know it, and for some reason needs to prove it somehow to himself. He wants to have this open kind of relationship, have his cake and eat it too.

Now, I am questioning myself, am I being a prude? Am I being repressed? Have I been socialized to believe in monogamy when maybe that's not a natural human thing? Would I like to have my cake and eat it too? Or is there some good reason for two people to pair? I don't know.

By the way--if you're looking to get laid, he would walk ten miles barefoot through the snow to you. And he gets a positive recommendation from me. I'm looking to get laid myself. I've never been with a girl and wish maybe sometime.

Please Lisa, I hope you'll respond to me in *Roller derby* as I have no address where you could write to me.
-Kristin

Of course you feel competitive--the man you love is putting other women above you! You said yourself that it's not his mother he wants to fuck, but these other women. So quit letting him use his mother as an excuse. There are things in my father and in my early relationship with him that I like and seek in lovers--that does not mean I put my father or anyone else on earth above the one I choose as my mate. Whether to go for monogamy or promiscuity depends on the particular person you're with, how busy you are, and your age. (When you're young you have to try out a lot of lovers and careers and philosophies to figure out what suits you and what doesn't.) I don't think prudishness is your problem. Your problem is this guy is not making you feel inspired and happy and sexy and all the things you should feel when somebody loves you--whether that somebody is sleeping with other women or not. I say go ahead and invite him to walk ten miles barefoot through the snow to get laid by me or one of his other supposed mother-substitutes--and give him the wrong address. (LC)

I just trim my pussy, no shaving or anything like that. It's too irritating to my skin. I know that's not very Generation L and I feel guilty about it. I guess that explains the dream I had the other night: the hair grew really long; almost to my knees. I had to go to a barber and get it cut. Yes I do mean barber.

I'm trying hard to be as Generation L as possible. It's hard breaking old habits and losing loser friends when they are your only friends. But I am getting promoted at work, and I'll make new friends too. Thanks again.

-Lisa Farinha

Lisa, Lisa, no! Do not feel guilty or inadequate! It's all in the presentation: if shaving irritates you, then grow your pubic hair very long and say, "Oh, I love my long, luxurious locks!" Your honey will run his fingers through it and think back on all the skimpy mounds he's known and sigh happily, thinking, "Oh boy, did I get a prize this time!" But one must temper one's presenting with the unavoidable effects of reality--long, coarse hairs on the vaginal lips can go into the vagina upon penetration and irritate the penis. So if you're a brunette (blondes have softer pubic hair), comfort demands that you keep the lip hair trimmed (but you don't have to shave). And it's not hard losing loser friends, Lisa--it's fun. You can say anything you want to. (LC)

I keep my pussy like a dog: summer coat [bald] in the summer, winter coat [furry] in the winter, and it gets treats when it's been good. (Being married, I keep it on a short leash.) Another thing I do is...well, I wash and condition my pubic hair. Is this my own weird ritual or are there others like me? Sometimes I indulge in hot oil--I'm such a homo.

-Queen Itchie



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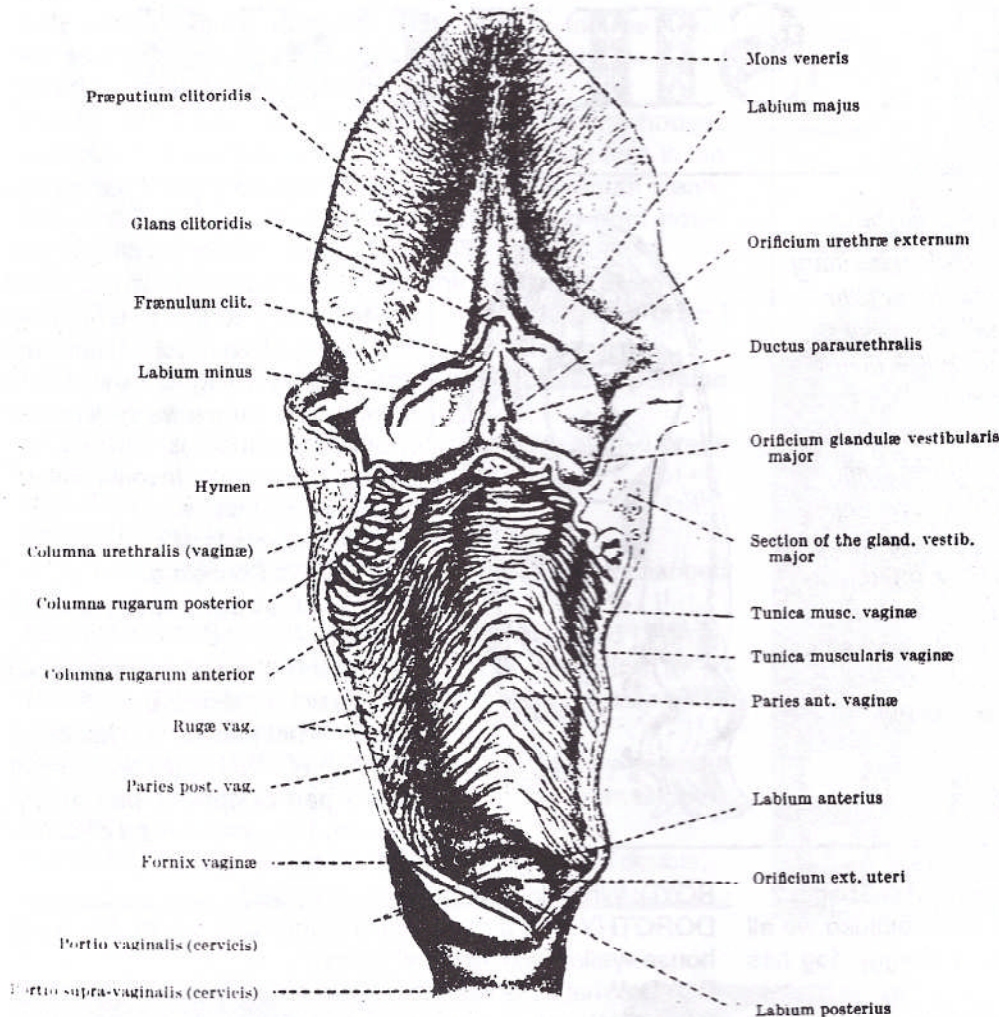
The Top Five "Boys would be good if only..." list!!

1. Someone who will go down on you and you don't have to ask.
2. Does the Dishes
3. Gets you Advil when you have cramps
4. A boy who will admit that I am smarter than him
5. Someone who doesn't make fun of me because I watch T.V.

↑ Sarah in Flatter.

I hear these complaints so often. Where do these gals find these hordes of terrible men? Cunnilingus happens to me all the time! And I've never met a man afraid of a few dirty dishes. I think Sarah's men must just be terrible to *her* 'cause they don't like her 'cause she's *mean*! She treats a man like an enemy when he's really a woman's greatest treasure. She watches closely for any deviation from her ideal of enlightened man, storing up mistakes he makes to haul out with a smug and disgusted air on Girls' Night Out so she can go on feeling like the superior sex. Such utter lack of generosity! No *wonder* she's had a miserable time with the boys --if I were a boy I'd run from Sarah and her cramps and her complaints and her derisive supposed superiority as fast as my hairy legs could take me!

(man)



6.—Dissection of vagina. (After Halban-Seitz.)

Above is a diagram so you can tell your honey exactly what you like. Something I'm especially fond of is having my præputium clitoridis "hooked" over my glans clitoridis in a swirling fashion, but this gets excruciating after a minute or so.

At lower right is a tip from Devon Christensen of Lyons, Colorado [he's also the one who told me about sucking that veiny thing on the man]: "A man with a long tongue and an earnest intent can gain access to the sensitive area between the rear vaginal walls and the lower colon in this manner."

The delay in this issue getting out is due to Herman Reiss press refusing to print Dame Darcy's cover art. (Howard Quinn, a very nice, very professional company, print the insides.) Lord knows I don't want to sound like Madonna, but don't you think it's awful that Mr. Reiss was not troubled by printing the cover of *Rollerderby 12*--a photo of a smiling girl and a guy whose brains she just shot out, titled "My First Orgasm," and the inside cover is a photo of her all beat up and bloody--yet he objects to a painting of a friendly, pink, floating vagina and rocket-ship penis?!

(LC)



THE SHAGGS



he Wiggin girls Dorothy, Helen and Betty are three very ordinary sisters who created some of the most extraordinary music ever committed to disc. When their landmark album Philosophy Of

The World was re-released in 1980,

people could scarcely believe that these three innocent-looking New Hampshire girls had managed to craft such a wild work way back in the early '70s.

Talking To Dorothy was not like interviewing your run of the mill musician. It was more like a chat with an aunt you don't see very often. Music is no longer a big concern to her, though she is still interested in pets, Jesus and other such Shaggs things...

interview and introduction by Boyd Rice



BOYD: Do you get Shaggs fan mail?

DOROTHY: Yeah, I still get one every once in a while. I'm really bad at it--I don't answer. One from Texas. My mother got a letter from Switzerland. Right now we're doing some interviews on film with two college students.

BOYD: What's your favorite color?

DOROTHY: Blue.

BOYD: Favorite food?

DOROTHY: Chocolate.

BOYD: What pet peeves do you have?

DOROTHY: Um...I guess I don't really have a pet peeve.

BOYD: What pets do you have?

DOROTHY: We have a dog named Hawk--part Sheppard, part husky. We also have rabbits and chickens and ducks.

BOYD: How did you come up with the name The Shaggs?

DOROTHY: My father decided that--mostly because we all had long hair. And I think partly where a shaggy dog has long hair.

BOYD: Who was Foot-Foot?

DOROTHY: That was my pet cat.

BOYD: Who drew that picture of Foot-Foot?

DOROTHY: I did. She ran away and I never found her, but I ended the song that I did to make it happy.

BOYD: When you girls played live did you wear outfits similar to what you're wearing on the cover?

DOROTHY: We switched over to pant-suits. We had fancy green tops and white pants.

BOYD: What are you and your sisters up to now?

DOROTHY: Most of us are married. My sister Betty just lost her husband a year ago in a motorcycle accident.

BOYD: Jeez.

DOROTHY: It was tough. She's still having a tough time.

BOYD: Last time I talked to you you had just had a baby.

DOROTHY: Well, he's gonna be 14 next month!

BOYD: My goodness.

DOROTHY: And I got another boy that just turned 12. That's it, for me! My sister Betty has two sons--17 and 15. Helen has two sons--18 and ten.

BOYD: That's a lot of boys.

DOROTHY: We're outnumbered here.

BOYD: Did you ever locate the home movies your father took of your live show?

DOROTHY: No. They may have got stolen--we had a big trunk stolen from the attic.

BOYD: What do you think of this new country stuff?

DOROTHY: I like Billy Ray Cyrus. I like most all of it.

BOYD: What does your house look like?

DOROTHY: It's old--probably about 200 years. It's a big house--yellow with black shutters.

BOYD: What's the interior like?

DOROTHY: All of my furniture is second-hand except for one of the lamp tables that I had hand-made by one of the patients at the nursing home [where I worked]. We just had a new floor put in the kitchen--it's dark green, vinyl, no wax. It's a dark color to help not show dirt with all the traffic running in and out--the dog and the kids.

BOYD: What sort of paintings on the walls?

DOROTHY: I have a big picture of the ocean on one wall and a covered bridge on the other wall and a picture of a lake that my sister-in-law drew and gave us for Christmas last year. I collect baskets--all kinds of baskets. I have some of those hanging on the kitchen walls. Then we stenciled the kitchen with baskets full of fruit and a chicken between every two baskets.

BOYD: Have you ever had any recurring dreams?

DOROTHY: Nope.

BOYD: What do you do for entertainment?

DOROTHY: Not a whole lot. We take the kids to the good family movies. We go to the beach and the lakes. We're into church and do a lot of church activities.

BOYD: What denomination?

DOROTHY: I'm Methodist, and we go to a community church right in town.

BOYD: Do you mind telling me what your husband's name is and what he does?

DOROTHY: His name is Fred. He doesn't do anything because he's disabled--he has liver problems. He had a shunt put in to take over what the liver wasn't doing and

he's had numerous surgeries since then. In fact he's due for another one next week. He's had quite a round.

BOYD: And what do you do?

DOROTHY: I have my own business of cleaning houses and businesses, and I clean a church. I work part-time in the day care. Betty works for a business in Portsmouth cleaning. And Helen doesn't do much of anything right now--she's had a lot of depression and PMS.

BOYD: Hm. Who do you like best--the Beatles or Elvis?

DOROTHY: Elvis. I still like Elvis. My favorite group when I was growing up was Herman and the Hermits.

BOYD: My girlfriend wants to know which brand of perfume is your favorite.

DOROTHY: Musk. I can't use the expensive stuff--I break out.

BOYD: How are you dressed right now?

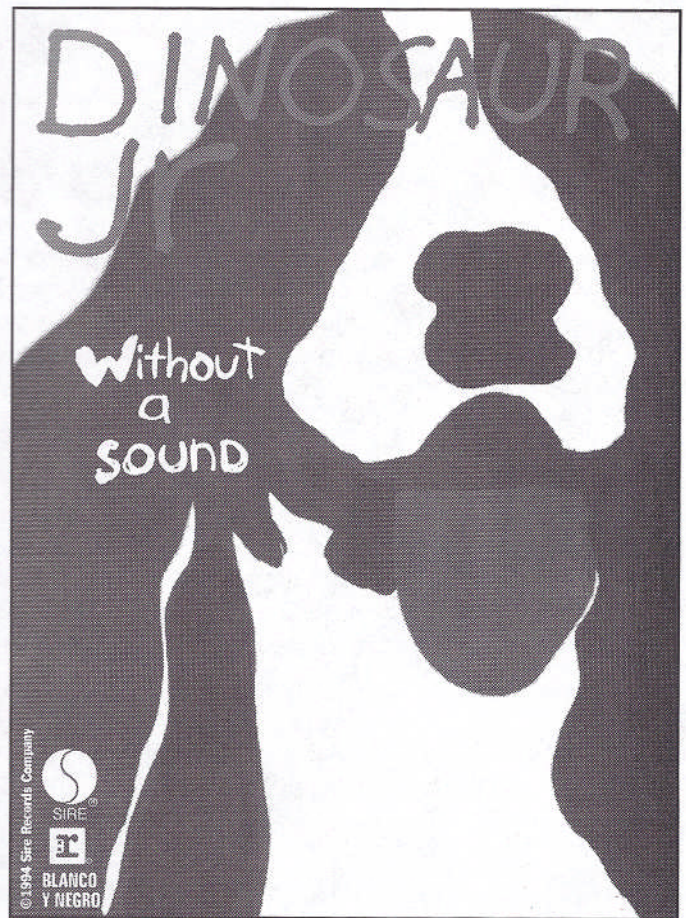
DOROTHY: Jean shorts and a purple tank top.

BOYD: That's all the questions I have--unless you changed your mind about having a pet peeve.

DOROTHY: My husband says to say "my husband"! I probably have lots of pet peeves if I put my mind to it. Probably...no one picking up after themselves, family-wise, and then it's all left for me.

BOYD: I've been to New Hampshire and it's pretty peaceful there--I can see why you'd have to wrack your brain to come up with a pet peeve.

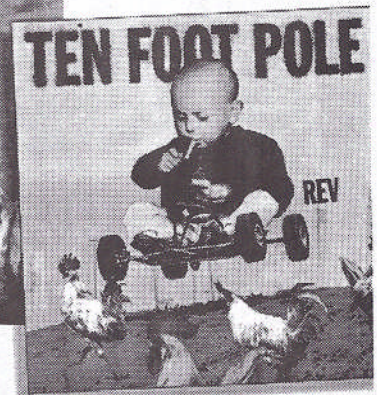
DOROTHY: Oh, probably if I lived in the city it'd be double.



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Home

by Lisa Carver

I asked Dorothy Semprini (nee Wiggin) to describe New Hampshire, and it took her a long time to come up with something. Eventually she cited: "The four seasons. The trees. The beach." I waited, but there was nothing more coming. And that's just about a perfect description of New Hampshire--seasons, trees, beach. There's really nothing more to say. There are no amusement parks I know of in New Hampshire, no fads such as boob jobs or bungee jumping, no protest rallies, and most New Hampshire towns have never had a murder. The state's big claim to fame in an almanac I recently picked up is being the largest U.S. manufacturer of blankets.

Things just don't happen in New Hampshire. Never have. The most exciting thing to ever occur there didn't actually occur. It was in Dover in 1623. There was what a history book of Dover calls "a contention" between Capt. Thomas Wiggin, governor of one part of Dover, and Capt. Walter Neal, boss of another part. The two never did fight, but Capt. Wiggin did carry a sword around for a few days, so in light of what might have happened, the place of the contention was thereafter called "Bloody Point."

New Hampshirites simply don't take kindly to change. Dorothy Semprini has been married to the same man for 19 years ("It's not easy," she told me, "but we manage. I don't believe in divorce--that's the way we were brought up."), and has had the same job all her adult life. She and her sister started housecleaning "for the ladies in town" at 17, 18. Dorothy cooked and cleaned in a nursing home for 13 years. Now has her own cleaning service. "I've been housecleaning basically all my life," she said matter-of-factly.

New Hampshirites are not amused by weird things. You won't find barbed wire or mannequins in wacky clothing in the young people's homes in New Hampshire like you do in San Francisco and New York--barbed wire is for keeping livestock or prisoners from roaming, mannequins are for shop windows. You won't find any funny-shaped chairs or paintings of a morbid or indecipherable nature either. Chairs are for sitting, not artwork. And artwork is for pictures of oceans, forests, animals, flowers, family members. Nice, normal things.

Nor do they like moving around. Most of 'em have never been farther than Boston, which is just over an hour drive away. My mother grew up in Vermont and later moved to New Hampshire. She only took one trip outside of New England in her life--five days in Texas 30 years ago. The temperature was over 110 and chickens were dying in the street. People talked funny. It was very traumatic for my mother, and she vowed never to leave New England again--and she never has.

New Hampshire is brutally austere, disapproving, didactic, narrow, and sure of its traditions. The people there are perfectly content to work hard all their life and eat potatoes every night forever. They raise their family and stay

put and hang out with their buddies at Dunkin Donuts every morning upon retirement.

Isolation by necessity creates idiosyncratic expression. (The Bronte sisters, like The Wiggin sisters, lived way out in the boonies with only their father, their brother, and their own imaginations for entertainment. Those imaginations bloomed wildly upon the stark, lonesome moors.) That such odd records as *Philosophy Of The World* and *Shaggs' Own Thing* should come out of such a nice, normal little state should not be surprising. Extreme normality breeds extreme oddity in the works of those natives who, for whatever reason, venture out of bounds to actually create something. (In the '80s, New Hampshire produced GG Allin, Suckdog, and Jon Spencer.) The Shaggs just wanted to make nice, normal music, but since they had to find their own way all the way from writing to playing to producing to cover artwork, they found quite an unusual way. Many groups claim to be totally original--they aren't. They're just weird au courant. The Shaggs, without trying to be, were truly unique. And, with their unsophisticated lyrics, off-beat but fervent music, and totally out-of-fashion (handmade?) outfits, were truly New Hampshire.

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Things I Wonder About The Shaggs

by Phil Milstein

The sounds created in the late '60s and early '70s by three teenaged Wiggin sisters known as The Shaggs were almost entirely unrelated to any ever made before.

What you first hear when you put on *Philosophy Of The World*, their debut album and masterpiece, are off-rhythm drumbeats out of sync with self-invented guitar chords, off-key vocals delivering Sunday school lyrics from behind a veil of thick Yankee accents, one-string guitar solos, and drum solos that sound more like Lucy Ricardo than Ricky. And these elements are just the tip of the iceberg of what is "wrong" about this group! The Shaggs defy centuries-old notions of rhythm and harmony, of consonance and melody and organization. It'd be convenient to break The Shaggs down to a simple "we're laughing with them, not at them" dialectic, except they're not laughing at all. The Shaggs, in fact, are dead serious, with a deep and poignant sincerity clearly detectable in their voices, in their lyrics, and even in their playing.

Everything about The Shaggs is upside-down and backwards from what we've been told is "good," or even "acceptable," as music. It's not that they're trying to disobey the rules so much as that they simply refuse to acknowledge them. They're perfectly content to make it all up as they go along, and if you don't like it you can go bake a cake. It is this intense resolve that I adore most about The Shaggs—they're trying so hard and with such high spirits and good cheer that they are inherently loveable. And if the sounds they make are noisome and dissonant...well, some of us look on those as high virtues.

While it is their extreme sweetness that constitutes a great deal of the charm of The Shaggs, there is also something about their naiveté that is sort of weird. You could expect songs about lost kittens, loving Jesus, the joys of Halloween, and respecting your parents from 9-year-olds, but for girls in their mid- to late-teens the innocence of the Wiggin sisters is so severe that it can almost be read as forced. Further confusing matters is the contrast of this sweetness with the "savant garde" qualities of the music. On the one hand, its lack of self-consciousness is perfectly in keeping with the lyrics and the sound of the girls' voices, yet on the other hand it is as *out there* as the best of Sun Ra or Captain Beefheart.

To fully decipher the mystery at the heart of their music, one would have to know a whole lot more than I do about their father, Austin Wiggin, Jr., as the story of The Shaggs is as much his tale as that of his daughters. I had a friend long ago who knew the Wiggin family somewhat, and he did tell me a few interesting facts about them. And at the end of the conversation, he looked me in the eye and said, "There's other stuff about the way he treated them that's kind of weird." I pressed him for details, but he wouldn't budge. "It was just kind of weird."

To this day I don't know exactly what my friend was driving at, but he made it clear that there was some sort of dark family secret there, which — coupled with the other things he told me, the suggestion of too many *Tobacco Road*-type movies, and the evidence of The Shaggs' music itself — casts their story into a different light altogether. I *want* to believe in the pristine innocence of The Shaggs, but I'm not so sure that I can.

Austin was the one who pushed the girls into starting a group in the first place, and then shortly after they got their instruments and started banging around on them he signed them up for lessons at Ted Hobart's Music Mart. Austin's next move in his grand plan for Shaggs World Domination was to pull the girls out of high school (they continued their studies through correspondence courses), so they could devote more time to learning their instruments and writing songs. The girls were no Jackson Five; the idea of stripping them of the little social contact there was to be had in such a rural environment had to have been driven by something other than simple high hopes for their income-generating potential.

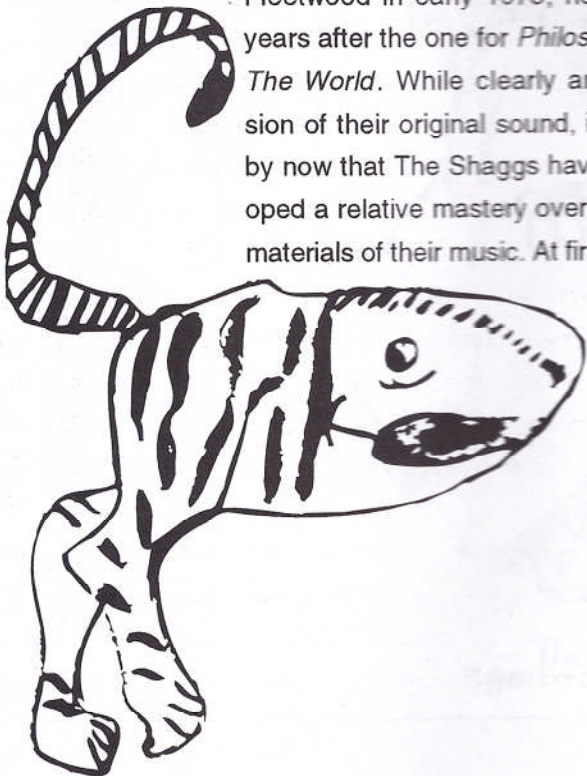
Not long after beginning their lessons, Austin felt the girls were ready to record. Clutching a coffee can stuffed with the small bills that constituted the bulk of the Wiggin fortune, the family drove down to Fleetwood Studios in Revere, Mass. to cut an album. Once the studio engineer was convinced the girls had stopped tuning up and had started playing their songs, he urged Austin to save their dollars for when the music was more together and The Shaggs were more developed as a group. But Dad insisted that they be captured right there and then, while they were at their peak. What I can't quite decide, all this time later, is

whether Austin was a true pioneer/iconoclast/agent provocateur of modern music, or whether, like an 80-lb. anorexic looking into the mirror and seeing nothing but fat fat fat, he listened to his daughters play their twisted, disjointed skronk and heard nothing but the sweet strains of Mantovani—muzak to his ears. The fact that to this day Dorothy Wiggin agrees with the recording engineer that the girls were recorded well before they were ready is not enough to help us distinguish whether Austin Wiggin, Jr. was a primitive genius or just the poor man's Murry Wilson.

Whatever savings remained after the recording session went toward pressing the album. The vanity label—the oddly-named Third World Records of Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts—robbed the family blind, delivering only a single 25-count box of albums and disappearing with the rest of the loot. The scant few copies of the album that slipped out of New Hampshire wound their way into the hands of some key players—among them Frank Zappa, Patti Smith, and her guitarist Lenny Kaye—who recognized its perverse genius. These people helped jump-start an underground buzz about *Philosophy Of The World* that would lead Rounder Records to reissue it in 1980, and that reissue in turn generated the worshipful following that the album holds today.

Further clues toward cracking the Wiggin code arrived in 1982, when Rounder released *Shaggs' Own Thing*. Most of its contents derive from a session done at

Fleetwood in early 1975, nearly six years after the one for *Philosophy Of The World*. While clearly an extension of their original sound, it is only by now that The Shaggs have developed a relative mastery over the raw materials of their music. At first listen



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Shaggs' Own Thing lacks the singular and unforgettable qualities of *Philosophy Of The World*, but after a while the true fanatic will embrace it for many of the same reasons as they do *Philosophy Of The World*, for it bears the same qualities of cheerfulness, resolve and ingenuousness as its predecessor.

In a sublime version of Tom T. Hall's semi-ironic country hit, "I Love." Dorothy Wiggins sings Hall's double-entendre line, "I love...coffee in a cup, little fuzzy pups, bourbon in a glass...and grass," with such straightforward sincerity that the listener can't help but imagining her shock if she were informed of Hall's *other* meaning. She would probably tell you that you're just plain wrong.

Shaggs' Own Thing concludes with the title song, a lilting yet almost aggressive tune over which the girls' punkish kid brother Robert lines up to "signify" a verbal battle with Dad over a mutual girlfriend. Other than the fact it's based in part on the unlikely "Chattanooga Choo-Choo," the duel is not all that different from the type Bo Diddley used to wage with Jerome Green. It's a playful number and apparently all in good fun, but its superficial hostility can also be seen as only half in jest [*it ends with a thinly veiled death threat! -ed.*]; in the context of all the sweetness and

light of every other thing we've ever heard by The Shaggs, it is the non-jesting half that is disarming and even a little disturbing, and leaves open to question just where Austin Wiggins, Jr. was really coming from.

This brings us to the end: one more thing that my friend told me about the Wiggins family was that The Shaggs broke up immediately upon Austin's death, although they did reform to play a few scattered shows, mostly at nursing homes, in the later '70s.

The music of The Shaggs implies a declaration that is at the core of everything I hold dear, that imagination and attitude are more important than technique. Obviously, the sounds they left behind speak for themselves and require no further investigation beyond putting on their records and enjoying them wholly at face value. But after swaying to their discombobulated grooves a few hundred times myself I can't help but wonder what exactly it was that made The Shaggs tick. Perhaps my cynicism says more about me than it does about them, but that doesn't mean I can't ever turn that dark side off and return to digging their glorious music with the same unblinking empathy and pure joy I basked in the first time I heard them.



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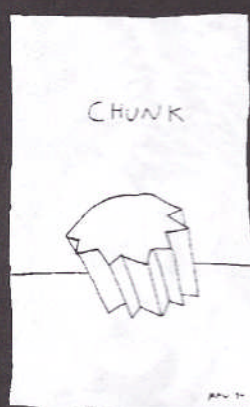
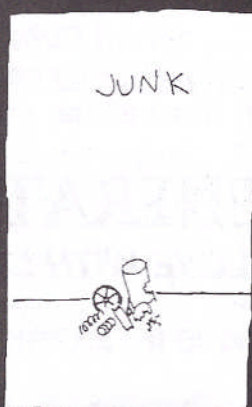
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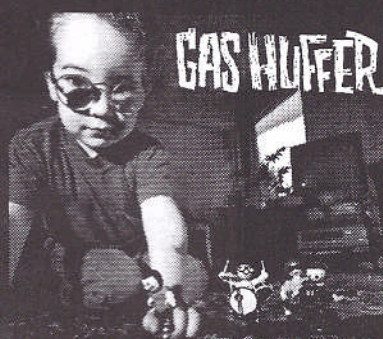
Ever since I read in *Vanity Fair* about Zhirinovsky yelling at the waiter, I've been dreaming of Mr. Shapiro instead of him. It's one thing to spit on protesters--they're protesting!; it's quite another to abuse some poor guy who's just trying to make a living. I know Mr. Shapiro is nowhere near to being the superstar Zhirinovsky is, but still...being mean to servers is a bi-i-g black mark in my book: it's gonna take a stupendous feat to raise Z. above Mr. S. in my affections again.

I know this doesn't exactly fit the tone of this article, but I've got to tell somebody: speaking of bald spots, I saw this guy in the supermarket with a shirt so tight half his compelling belly hung out from underneath it, and the shirt said: "That's not a bald spot: it's a solar panel to the sex machine." (L.C.)



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Joseph Stalin Tickles Your Funny Bone!

by Kerry McLaughlin

I recently read that "...Stalin didn't know...that Holland and the Netherlands were the same country and that no one in his entourage, the foreign minister included, dared enlighten him..." and my long felt admiration for Joseph Stalin burned red hot. Knowing Stalin, it's more likely he didn't *care* that Holland and the Netherlands were two separate countries. What did these two countries have to offer *him* anyway? Mentos commercials were YEARS away and he was far too intelligent to read up on a country that would only be known to future college students as a good place to get hash. He was, after all, a supergenius--but a dangerous supergenius! He was the kind of genius that could have his best friend pistol whipped while he sipped fresh tea from the samovar. That's the Joseph Stalin I know.

Most books about Soviet history attempt to demote Stalin's stature by comparing him to the traditionally superior Lenin. Sure, Lenin was a refined scholar, but he was also a cold fish. Lenin knew it too: he once sadly confessed to Maxim Gorky that he had no sense of humor. Stalin, however, was a bag of tricks--stylishly and flamboyantly setting them off for his own amusement. The moustache and squinty eyes are a dead giveaway--you just know he's a hell-raiser.

Take, for example, the most famous murder of the Stalinist Purges, that of Politburo member Sergei Kirov. Stalin blamed the murder on committee members he hated: Trotsky, Kamenev, etc. Not only did Stalin escape suspicion by pointing the finger at others, he went completely nuts with Kirovmania. He turned Kirov, a relative unknown outside the Party, into the ultimate Soviet hero and his best friend. Stalin renamed cities in Kirov's honor: Kirovsk, Kirovograd, Kirovokan, etc. At Kirov's funeral, he wept uncontrollably, raking in tons of sympathy from onlooking mourners. The funny thing is that *Stalin had secretly ordered Kirov's murder himself*. It was his greatest publicity stunt. Now *that's* style. Lenin lacked it. Lenin shot his enemies. Big deal--Stalin shot his friends.

He reveled in fucking with people--his favorite manifestation of power. Upon learning that Stalin had just seen his film, a young filmmaker boldly--and most likely against the wishes of most of the party guests--approached Stalin to ask him what he thought of his film. Stalin stops what he was doing, takes a drag on his cigarette, and repeats the question contemplatively: "What did I think of your film?" He puffs his cigarette a little more vigorously and says again, "What did I think of your film." He keeps this up, maniacally smoking the cigarette and drawing out the phrase "what...did...I...think...of...your...film." Each time, the phrase gets a little louder and more resolutely pronounced until finally it becomes: "WHAT...DID...I...THINK...OF...YOUR...FILM!" Meanwhile, the filmmaker is sweating profusely and the party has completely stopped to witness the spectacle. At this point, Stalin grinds out his cigarette, shrugs, says, "Good film!" and turns back to his previous

conversation.

Another example of Stalin's cat and mouse games: he was once told by a member of the Central Committee that there were complaints by Party members that "these are no conditions in which to work" because of various small hassles--small offices or whatnot. After considering this complaint, Stalin took two of his Party chairmen aside separately and confided to each that the other was spreading rumors about him behind his back. "Olczyk said you are a Jew!" he'd say to Rabinovich. When Rabinovich left, he'd turn around and say to Olczyk, "Rabinovich said you were a Pole!". It was common knowledge that the one was Jewish and the other Polish, but Stalin made these statements sound like malicious rumors. After he had separately infuriated each of the party members, he exclaimed, "Now *these* are conditions in which to work!"

Stalin may seem like your everyday historical madman, but the more you read about him, you begin to realize that his actions were perfectly logical as far as he was concerned. In perfect Soviet tradition, he had Utopia defined. The original Bolsheviks of 1917 and before had their ideal world mapped out. Instead of writing books about it and coffee-house philosophizing about it (although this, of course, happened too), they staged a revolution and went on to create a 72-year regime in the name of this envisioned world. Of course, it failed miserably and people were killed left and right, but the fact that they even *tried* shows a spunk rarely found. However, Stalin's problem was that his Utopia was based on his paranoid vision where he had to eliminate anyone that might possibly oppose him. Seen in this light, he acted with reason...and such FLAIR! That's the



part I like. At this point, I don't know as much as I'd like to about Stalinism, its goals and whatnot, but--BOY!--do I like Stalin's flair!! You just don't see that anymore.

Of course, all the very bad things you hear about him are most likely true. But I think people dwell on that side of Stalin too much. Just like there's more facets to Mother Theresa's personality than just saving humanity. If Mother Theresa tortured cats when she was a kid, I want to know. We know Stalin was responsible for more deaths than Hitler. What we don't know is that he once saw Bulgakov's sentimental play *Days of the Turbins* 17 times in a row. There was a part of Stalin that was downright lighthearted. One time a woman--I assume she was a tourist since she didn't recognize Stalin--struck up a conversation with the slightly tipsy Joseph Stalin in the Metro one evening. He asked her, "How may I help you?" She replied, "I'd very much like to visit the Kremlin." After reflecting a moment, Stalin replied, "I might be able to arrange this for you." My guess is that he kept her going for quite some time before she realized who she was talking to. This was another one of his jokes, but there was no maliciousness in it.

To put Stalin in a perspective I can understand, I compare his sense of humor to this really annoying guy at my friend John's work. John will show up at work in the morning and this guy will say all panicky, "Did you know the window to the storeroom was open all night?!" John will reply no, and the guy will start laughing really hard and say, "No, it wasn't open, man, I was just fuckin' with you!" As if John cared. However, if this were the Soviet Union in the 1930s, he would care because he'd probably be blamed for the nonexistent open window and be killed. So, if you ever wondered what would happen if that irksome prankster at work were given an acute sense of power manipulation and put at the helm of a regime, now you know--it would be paranoia, mass arrests and executions all over again.



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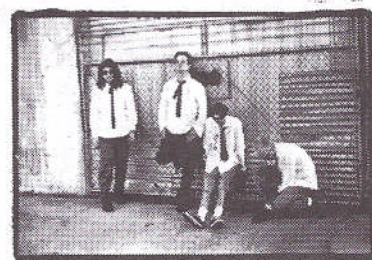
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VERY PERSONALS

ATTENTION ALL COP HATERS! A cop has done me wrong. Please help me get revenge. Write an offensive letter in red ink (use the word "pig" a lot and write things that would offend someone who has a hard time dealing with the fact that there are people who would do things like burn the flag without blinking an eyelash). To: The Sergeant And His Little Helpers, PO Box 831, Tonophah, NV 89049. The sergeant won't give my friend the letters I write to him. So let's write letters to the sergeant, mean letters. Please, please do this. Writing to my friend meant a lot to me as I'm sure you can relate. Thanks for your help. Lisa Farinha.

Cool guy seeks cool girl for pen pal. You should be at least one of the following—bright, smart, sassy, cool, funny, cute, sexy, open minded, happy, erotic, young hearted and/or interesting. Write today! I'm waiting. F.H., PO Box 241, La Canada, CA 91012-0241

20-year-old zine editin' female w/ big tits & ass seeks same or similar (or very dissimilar, so long as you have nipples, a pokeable butt, no beard & no giant honker) for probably infrequent lusty romping. Write me—captivate me w/ your purple prose like a good Prince song. Then come sleep on my (freckled) face!! If youse dumb, vapid or a LIBRA, keep your poon to yourself. Write away...I just know it'll be magic! Queen Itchie, PO Box 770, Sherburne, NY 13460. P.S. I'm married—but NO, not to Axl Rose. Phew.



kiss me

B.D.G. MAILORDER: Live music and prank call tapes. Ethereal, gothic, industrial, hardcore, rock, and many, many more! Send \$2 or seven .29 stamps to: B.D.G., PO Box 16184-Rollerderby, Newport Beach, CA 92659

"Southern Gentleman" from last issue writes: "Rollerderby gets results! Just the threat of my placing a personal ad in this fine maga-

Zhirinovsky touts plan for paternity

MOSCOW — Russia's flamboyant ultranationalist leader Vladimir Zhirinovsky has come up with his own program to combat Russia's declining birth rate: He personally will father a child in every region of Russia in the coming year.



Zhirinovsky

sky's unorthodox plan to increase Russia's population was disclosed in a fax sent out yesterday by his political party, the Liberal Democratic Party of Russia, to the Russian news agency Interfax.

zine prompted a young lady to declare her undying love for me and ask for my hand in marriage." Jaina received two dates and a batch of cookies. M. Vishmidt wrote me: "Sean Brannon is everything he said he was--225 lbs. of unalloyed black manhood. We're getting married the weekend before I go away to college." I was pleased to see so much love budding until I found out from a mutual friend that M. wasn't actually getting married--Mr. Brannon was a prison inmate and M. was mad at me for her personal getting him on her tail. But prisoners need love too! Send \$2 and your Very Personal to PO Box 18054, Denver CO 80218. I'll print a small B&W photo of you for free.

Dear William,

Regarding your unsolicited submission of poems to Rollerderby:

I believe it was Ezra Pound (?) who said poetry should be at least as clear as prose. What is it Greetings is trying to say? William, diseases do not have lips with which to kiss. And what is the "inflamed city" supposed to be? A vagina? Does this mean she has crabs

(representing
dinous popula-
cities)? And

Greetings, Sodom

Kiss me dirtily
with your diseases,
and lick me
in every secret crevice
of your inflamed city.

the multitu-
tions of
if so, then
lick you in

how can Sodom
his own vagina? Or maybe you're
not being metaphorical here -
perhaps you guys were fooling around
behind dumpsters in alleyways and
caught pneumonia? Speak up, William!

Sincerely,

Lisa Crystal Carter

When Asked How I Describe My Occupation

Fucking the Devil
and kissing the face
of God.

And was your
conversation partner
impressed?

William Kopecky • 3335 Hamlin Street • Racine, WI 53403 U.S.A. • 414/633-2605

As if it's not bad enough that people send poetry, I get letters. Below is a tiny excerpt of one of those letters. I don't know who wrote it. I don't know who Pam is or care where she's "at." I got 46 letters today. I spend an average of two hours a day reading largely stylistically repulsive, LONG letters. I think it's very disrespectful to waste my time by purposely not

SINCE MY LAST LETTER, TRVELY, NOTHING HAS CHANGED. I HOPE YOU GOT THE ONE ABOUT PAM 'CAUSE I KNOW IT MEANS A LOT TO HER, SO I'M NOT NAGGING YOU OR ANYTHING, JUST THOUGHT I'D LET YOU KNOW WHERE SHE'S AT. THESE DAYS I FEEL THE NEED TO CONFIDE IN YOU MORE OFTEN, HOPE I'M ~~NOT~~ NOT TOO MUCH OF A BURDEN, BUT YOUR LETTERS GIVE ME LIFE. A.O.K. I AM. DINO WORRIES. ALL BUT FORGOTTEN THAT INCIDENT. WHY RELIVE THE PAST EH? NO PIZZA! FUCK FUCK THEY CAN'T HEAR ME. POLLY. NO FUCKING CHEESE. NO WAY. NO SIGN. "BLOODY HELL" HE SAID. ROCK MY WORLD. NO FREE CHEESE. NO NO (SCRITCH SCRITCH). LIKE I SAID... NO TIME FOR OBLIGATIONS. PEOPLE WATCH! OUT 'AND OUT OF IT. NO.

making sense. DO NOT WRITE ME WHILE ON MARIJUANA. And if you always just seem like you're on marijuana, don't write me at all. And I do not want your trash! Used bus tickets, guitar picks, news clippings about animal abuse... SENDING ME THESE THINGS WILL NOT MAKE ME PAY ATTENTION TO YOU. And don't send me the trash of your personality. Surely one can say all one really needs to a stranger in two sentences. From now on I'm reading only letters that are two sentences long. Now turn the page for some real poetry! →

THE SEXIEST SONG ON EARTH EVER

"Hungry Like The Wolf" by Duran Duran

[woman laughing]

Dark in the city, night is a wire

Scene in the subway: abyss of fire - neon lights everywhere, teeming mass of people, hot.

Do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do... - the repetition of this sound is not random: "do" is the word of action - & with the urgency in this song, there's no option ~~to~~ save pure action.

Woman you want me, give me a sign - oh, confident man!

And catch my breathing even closer behind - the prey is running up the subway stairs to the street. The hungry protagonist is one step behind. The hunt is on.

Do, do...

In touch with the ground - "the ground" = his baser instincts

I'm on the hunt, I'm after you

Smell, lick, a sound, I'm lost in a crowd - they're now on the city streets.

And I'm hungry like the wolf - when a wolf gets hungry, you can be sure he's gonna eat!

Straddle the line 'tween dischord and rhyme - "dischord and rhyme" = civilization & nature

I'm on the hunt, I'm after you

Mouth is alive, juices like wine - he can almost taste her

And I'm hungry like the wolf

Stalk through the forest, too close to hide - they've reached Central Park. She can't climb a tree or slip into some dark bushes - he'd see her, & trap her. She can only run, run, with her last breath, with him just behind.

I'll be upon you by the moonlight's side - when the moon rays touch her flesh, so will he.

Hot blood drumming on your skin, it's so tight - not sure what that means. Maybe in his great excitement he just has to say the word "tight."

You feel my heat, I'm just a moment behind

In touch with the ground

I'm on the hunt, I'm after you

Scent and a sound, I'm lost and I'm found - he doesn't recognize this part of the city park, but his hunting instinct has come out so strong he's in touch with his ancestral self - like Jack London's Buck - in other words, he's "found."

And I'm hungry like the wolf

Straddle the line 'tween dischord and rhyme

A howl and a whine, I'm after you - when my cat Cheetah is hunting a mouse, she drools & cries. She can't feel, hear its heartbeat, its little heart boiling with the blood she longs to drink.

Mouse is alive, a-running inside - the woman is the mouse, the city is the maze

And I'm hungry like the wolf

[woman's gasps as she runs]

Burning the ground, I break from the crowd - in his heightened state, he puts on extra speed - and now he has her in an isolated area.

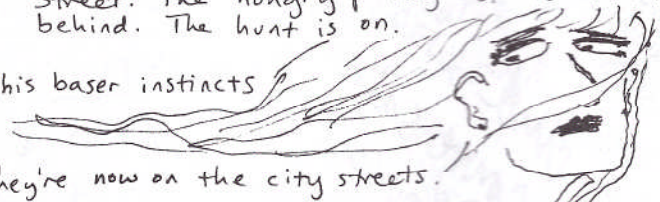
I'm on the hunt, I'm after you

A smell, lick, a sound, I'm lost and unbound - he's broken free from all restraint now - he is pure senses, sensations - smell, taste, hearing... he is completely "lost" to civilization. In her fear, the woman has reached a similar state. The shaking of her fleeing buttocks says clearly, "Oh, Mr. Hunter, I'm ready to be caught now!"

And I'm hungry like the wolf

[woman's orgasm yelps]

The video was some dumb jungle scene - they had to keep it allegorical as the real story is too hot for the average MTV viewer to handle. There, for the first time, is that real story... (by LCC)



so he's "lost"

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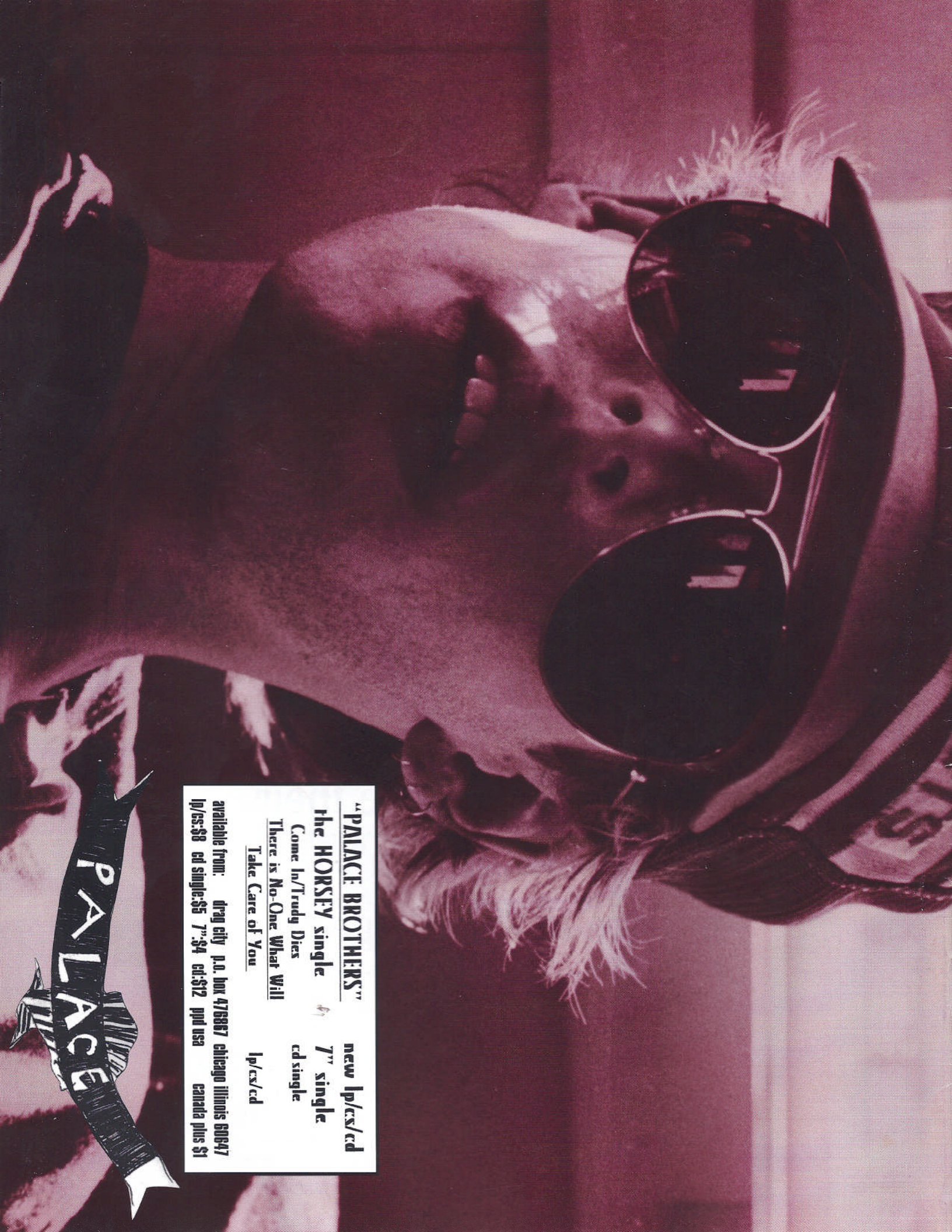
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**“we’re gonna have their
assets frozen”**

–tim nye in the village voice

7/20/94

“brrr” –tunanet 8/30/94



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